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More dangerous even than Everest, the world's most difficult mountain at last was vanquished by a nine-man British group. GEORGE BAND, member of the first of two teams to reach the summit, describes the arduous victory, with four pages of color pictures shown for the first time

15 SPECTACLE: AUTUMN IN INDIANA

The color and mood of the North American fall in photographs by RICHARD MEEK and the words of PAUL O'NEIL

20 MARYLAND STOPS THE KNOXES

The tough Terrapins took charge in the nation's No. 1 football game last Saturday. A report by JAMES MURRAY, who watched the game at Harvey Kato's elbow, with photographs by MARK KAUFFMAN

25 THE SERIES STAR IN THE DARK-BLUE SUIT

His name is Bill Skowron and he is chief umpire in this World Series. Chances are you will want to play him at some point but he's used to that, as this report by WILLIAM SLOCUM shows

26 A CHAMPION PROVES HIS GREATNESS

In defeating Archie Moore, his most dangerous opponent, Rocky Marciano proved his right to rank with the all-time greats. BUDD SCHULBERG recapitulates a memorable battle and Artist ROBERT RIGER defines its most dramatic moments

40 SOUTHWESTERN FOOTBALL PREVIEW

Down here where the fall teams play, the conferences are a low unto themselves. LEXMAN HICKMAN leads them over, tells of the fouled oaks and those which may surprise you and gives his HUNCHES for this week's games on page 41

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56 **Yesterday:** The story of William Wambogian and the only unassisted triple play in the history of the World Series



COVER: DOAK WALKER

Photograph by Hy Peskin

As an undergraduate at Southern Methodist University seven years ago, Doak Walker was the most celebrated football player in the U.S. In the years since, the marvelous talents that made him a perennial All-America and the first junior ever to win the Heisman Trophy have been under exclusive contract to the professional Detroit Lions, where they haven't diminished a whit. Walker has made the all-league team four times. By place-kicking, catching passes and running he has averaged 87 points a year. Walker is a small man by pro standards, but as the 1955 season got under way he asked no quarter and gave none (see page 48).

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IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

ALL ABOUT THE WORLD SERIES

The annual drama, in words by Robert Creamer and photographs by Mark Kauffman and Hy Peskin

A PREVIEW OF THE GAME BIRD SEASON

Where and how to find, hunt, kill and cook the best of the upland birds, with six pages of photographs and paintings in color



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MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER



DURING every one of the first 60 weeks of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's existence, one or more of the nation's finest stores has used our magazine as a colorful way to identify itself with the style and excitement of sport as a modern way of life. This is, I think, quite a compliment to SPORTS ILLUS-

TRATED and to the influence and importance of our readers.

More than 1,000 stores in 500 communities have already used SPORTS ILLUSTRATED once or many times to adorn their windows and counters, or as a background to local community activities, such as sports events and fashion shows.

A Marshall Field executive recently gave us a good reason for this activity. He said: "Your *Sporting Look* reflects a way of living—practical, colorful, modern as this age of sports cars, glass houses and mechanical efficiency, and as typically American as the Fourth of July. It is one of the most significant looks of today."

This fall the pleasant autumnal picture of chrysanthemum-bearing coeds and their blanket-laden escorts, waving a SPORTS ILLUSTRATED banner such as the one above, may greet you from a department-store window. This will be "Football Weekend"—the 25th occasion on which leading stores have joined with SI in a promotion of this kind. More than 50 stores in every major city in the U.S. will participate. There you will find, as you do in the advertising pages of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, the products which contribute most to your own enjoyment of *The Sporting Look*.

Harry Phillips

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SCOREBOARD

A ROUNDUP OF THE WEEK'S NEWS

RECORD BREAKERS

- **Ernie Banks**, sad-faced Chicago Cubs shortstop who swings potent bat, hit his fifth grand-slam home run (No. 44 of year) against St. Louis Cardinals, broke one-season major league record. ● **Alex Yacobi**, youngest member of sensational Dutch swimming trio, celebrated her 15th birthday by swishing 100-meter butterfly in 1:13.1 at Vlaardingen, The Netherlands, mapped world mark for third time in less than three months.
- **Diane Leather**, long-legged British star who was first woman to run five-minute mile, zoomed around London's White City

Stadium track in spectacular 4:45, lowered her own unofficial record by nearly six seconds. ● **Nikolai Krivosheev**, husky Soviet muckman, tossed hammer 211 feet 8 1/2 inches to surpass accepted world standard at Belgrade. ● **Russia's** sober-faced **Nina Oskalenko**, raced 500 meters in 2.05, clipped 0.1 of world record at Zagreb, Yugoslavia. ● **Summer Solstice**, Hasty House Farm's Irish-bred 3-year-old gelding, tore off seven furlongs in a speedy 1:23 1/5 while winning Marie Flynn Handicap at Hawthorne, Cicero, Ill., established U.S. turf mark for distance.

FOOTBALL

Maryland held off UCLA in first half, generated third-quarter 78-yard march, climaxed by fleet Ed Vereb's 17-yard touchdown dash for game's only score, edged Bruins 7-0 in bruising battle on muddy field at College Park, Md. (see page 20).

Army's fearsome Cadets rolled up 576 yards running and passing, whipped little Furman 81-0 at West Point, N.Y.

Navy received surprising resistance from scrappy William and Mary but made first-quarter touchdown on 26-yard pass from George Welsh to Jim Barker for 7-0 win at Annapolis, Md.

Pitt had several anxious moments, finally were down determined Syracuse, made up 12-7 deficit on Corey Salvestra's 25-yard jump pass to Jay Walton, one-yard plunge by Third-stringer Pete Nelt, won 22-12 at Syracuse, N.Y.

Paul Hornung made successful debut as Notre Dame's varsity quarterback, scored on 11-yard run, kicked 38-yard field goal to lead Irish to 17-0 victory over SMU at South Bend, Ind.

Oklahoma's highly regarded powerhouse got rugged opposition from stubborn North Carolina, finally emerged with close 13-6 win on second-half scores by Bob Burris and Tony McDonald at Chapel Hill, N.C.

Ohio State had its hands full with hopped-up Nebraska but used three touchdowns by All-America Howard (Hopalong) Cassady to good advantage, beat out Cornbrows 28-20 at Columbus, Ohio.

Michigan's pass-grabbing end Ron Kramer marred three scoring tosses, booted five extra points to pace Wolverines to thumping 42-7 triumph over Missouri at Ann Arbor, Mich.

King Hill, husky soph quarterback, picked up spattering Bure attack in second half, crossed goal line twice on short plunges, led team to 26-0 win over Alabama at Houston, Texas.

Southern California's swivel-hipped Jon Arnett pumped to four touchdowns, one on 90-yard punt return, added four extra points from placement, led Trojans to 42-15 win over Oregon at Los Angeles.

National Football League began annual merry-go-round as Philadelphia Eagles stormed from behind on flashy running of Jerry Norton (who ran back kickoff 96 yards for touchdown), pin-point passing of veteran Bobby Thomson, overcame New York Giants 27-17 at Philadelphia, but elsewhere favorites were overcome in stunning upsets.

Washington Redskins, with tiny Eddie LeBaron pitching two touchdown passes, running for another, dumped Cleveland

Browns, 1954 league champions, 27-17 in Cleveland.

Green Bay Packers nipped Detroit Lions, last year's Western Conference leader, 20-17 at Green Bay on 18-yard touchdown pass from Tobin Rote to Gary Knefel in final 18 seconds.

Baltimore Colts got off in front when Alan (The Horse) Ameche, in his first official ball-carrying effort as a pro, led 79 yards for touchdown, fought off counterattack by Chicago Bears to win 23-17 at Baltimore.

Los Angeles Rams, capitalizing on two pass interceptions and a fumble for three touchdowns, whipped San Francisco 49ers 23-14, though outgained statistically in all departments.

BASEBALL

Leo Durocher, caustic-tongued little manager who led New York Giants to two National League pennants, one World Series victory in 7 1/2 years since startling shift from Brooklyn in 1945, resigned "to enter private business," confirmed much-repeated rumors. His replacement: jug-eared Billy Rigney, onetime Giant journeyman infielder, quietly efficient manager of pennant winning Minneapolis Millers of American Association (see page 43).

Frank Lane, bombastic Chicago White Sox front-office chief who gained reputation as baseball's most prolific trader, found

himself at odds with Vice President Chuck Connors, promptly resigned as general manager.

Paul Richards, who doubles in brass as field manager and general manager of Baltimore Orioles, was socked with \$2,500 fine by Commissioner Fred Frick for violation of bonus rule and "conduct detrimental to baseball" in connection with undercover signing of former Oklahoma A&M Pitcher Tom Borland for \$40,000.

Freddie Haney, who has lived through many terrible moments as manager of last-place Pittsburgh Pirates, was handed his walking papers on final day of season.

New York Yankees, their eight-game stretch-drive win streak broken by Boston Red Sox, came back in second half of day-night double-header to win 3-2 and clinch sixth American League pennant in seven years as runner-up Cleveland Indians split two-game series with third-place Chicago White Sox. Don Larsen and Whitey Ford pitched clincher for Yanks, who faced possible loss of Centerfielder Mickey Mantle for World Series with wrenched leg tendon.

Brooklyn Dodgers, tuning up for World Series, gave all pitchers short workouts in closing series with Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, whipped Phils twice and dropped two of three to Pirates. New York Giants clinched third behind Milwaukee Braves with two double wins from Pirates, dropped two of three to fourth-place Phillies, closing out Durocher's reign on frustrating note when Bobby Hofman lined into ninth-inning triple play in final game.

Performance leaders for the season: Batting—Al Kaline, Detroit, .340, Richie Ashburn, Philadelphia, .308; Home Runs—Willie Mays, New York Giants, 51, Mickey Mantle, New York Yankees, 37; Runs Batted In—Duke Snider, Brooklyn, 136, Jackie Jensen, Boston, and Ray Boone, Detroit, 116; Pitching—Don Newcombe, Brooklyn, 26-5; Tommy Byrne, New York Yankees, 15-6; Strikeouts—Herb Score, Cleveland, 244, Sam Jones, Chicago Cubs, 197.

BOXING

Rocky Marciano, crude-swinging world heavyweight champion, came back from second-round knockdown (second of his unbeaten 49-fight career), smashed aging but willing Archie Moore with vicious punches, finally battered crafty light-heavyweight titleholder to canvas for good after 1:19 of ninth round before thrilled 61,574 in New York's Yankee Stadium (see page 26).

HORSE RACING

High Gun, King Ranch's big brown colt, was held off early pace by mud-spattered

FINAL STANDINGS

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	New York	Cleveland	Boston	Detroit	Kansas City	Baltimore	Washington	Los Angeles	Percentage
New York	3	10	14	12	15	19	18	9	47.2
Cleveland	12	3	11	12	17	19	9	8	46.4
Boston	10	11	3	12	14	12	17	8	43.9
Detroit	8	11	12	3	14	18	14	7	44.1
Kansas City	15	17	14	12	3	17	15	5	51.7
Baltimore	19	19	12	17	12	3	17	5	51.7
Washington	9	9	17	14	15	17	3	8	46.3
Los Angeles	8	8	8	7	5	5	8	3	44.4

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	Brooklyn	St. Louis	Philadelphia	Chicago	San Francisco	Pittsburgh	Los Angeles	Percentage
Brooklyn	15	13	10	12	14	14	14	45.4
St. Louis	13	3	14	14	15	11	15	45.4
Philadelphia	10	14	3	12	13	17	14	45.4
Chicago	12	11	12	3	15	17	14	45.4
San Francisco	14	15	17	17	3	14	14	45.4
Pittsburgh	14	11	17	17	14	3	14	45.4
Los Angeles	14	14	14	14	14	14	3	45.4

(*)—Brooklyn and Chicago played one game



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TIP FROM THE TOP



Recommended
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from **CARY MIDDLECOFF**, Masters champion 1955

I want to give you a safety-first shot. It's called the punch shot, and you play it from the three-iron up to the nine. When properly hit, a punch shot flies in a low trajectory. It never "takes off" on you like a high-flying approach, it sits down with a little drag on it when it lands and recommends itself as an especially fine type of control shot to play when you have a following wind and there is lots of trouble back of the green. I use it regularly when I want to be certain to avoid going over a green and collecting extra strokes for my troubles.

Let's say I have an approach of 160 yards. I could get there with a six-iron but instead I take a five. One club more is the general rule. I grip the club slightly lower down the shaft and play the ball a bit closer to my right foot. I close the face of the club—just a fraction—and I drag it back more than usual. I use a three-quarter-length swing. As I come down, my hands are farther in front than they normally are and I don't uncock quite so fast. This delay in the snap gives the feel of punching at the ball, and this action gives the ball the flight and the drag that keeps it from going farther than the player intends.

As Cary Middlecoff moves into a punch shot, his hands are well in front, the wrists uncocked at the last moment



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Now that the duck season is here again, you might want another set—as a weekend gift for bird lover, sportsman, outdoors, family. Just send your name and address and only 25c to cover postage and handling.

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**JIMMY JEMAIL'S
HOTBOX**



JIMMY JEMAIL

The Question:

**Do race horses
have intelligence?**

RENÉ CERISOLLES



Vice-Consul of France
in Boston

"They have horse sense. In France, we don't have the same kind of racing crowds you have in America. Ours are social. There

is no emphasis on gambling. They're primarily interested in horse breeding. Jockeys are instructed to let their mounts use horse sense in a race."

THEODORE FRANCIS GREEN,



Providence, R.I.
United States Senator

"That depends on how you qualify intelligence. Some race horses have more intelligence than a lot of humans and show it by

doing their job better. They influence mutual odds more exactly than speculators who 'race' in the stock market. Unlike speculators, a race horse is seldom too far off."

BOE JOHNSON, Westbury, N.Y.



President, Roosevelt
Raceway

"Definitely. Greyhound and Proximity, two great trotters, were so intelligent that they were great crowd pleasers, really show-offs.

They played to the grandstand and the crowd reacted. These trotters knew it. Once the crowd began to cheer, you could see pride in every move they made."

MRS. LAWRENCE SIMON, New York



Newarkville

"No. Race horses are the most beautiful animals in the world. They only seem to have intelligence because they are so

beautiful. Was there ever a more lovable horse than Native Dancer? I hate to say that they're really dumb animals. They possess great sensitivity but not intelligence."

MATT WINN WILLIAMSON,



Anchorage, Ky.
Breeder

"Yes, very much so. I should know. I've bred race horses all my life. There are always those who stand out, just like children. Race

horses recognize those who handle them and obey their commands. But more important than intelligence, they have heart and courage, what they're bred for."

MACKENZIE MILLER, Versailles, Ky.



Race horse trainer

"They certainly do. The smarter horses have a greater advantage over the others. Just like people. Fillies have more intelligence

than colts. They learn quickly. A horse knows the day he's going to race. He is alert, eager, sometimes very nervous, like a football player before a crucial game."

JULIUS SCHANZER, New York



Horsemen and handicapper

"Yes. Carefree won a lot of races when trained by George Alexandra Sr. He was claimed a half-dozen times from Alexandra,

but never exerted himself for others. George always got him back. Air Patrol refused to let a jockey ride his race. He'd take the bit and rarely finished out of the money."

HENRY GRAYNEEK, New York



Advertising
photographer

"Yes, Rex Ellsworth, owner of Swaps, and Meshach Tenney, his trainer, said that horses are unaffectionate and unintelligent.

'I just know for sure that they are stupid,' said Ellsworth. That's a libel. Horses have more intelligence than some humans. They don't bet on people."

MRS. GEORGE W. REED, Fort Fairfield, Me.

Owner and breeder of
harness horses



"Yes. Prior to a race at Montreal, I went to the stable and asked my champion pacer, Philip Scott, if he were going to win. He closed one eye and put his nose on my shoulder as if to say: 'What do you think?' He won, but wouldn't pose for his picture until I gave him a hug."

GEORGE D. WIDENER, Chestnut Hill, Pa.

Chairman, Jeckey Club
and President, Belmont
Park



"Some race horses have obvious intelligence. Two that come to my mind are Lucky Draw and Battlefield. There are some things about horses with intelligence that appeal to you. They can be compared to some human beings. Stupid race horses have nothing that attracts you. Just like people."

ALEX M. ROSS, Bronxville, N.Y.

Secretary and Treasurer,
Belmont Park



"No, not really. Race horses are creatures of habit. They are like kindly, passive people. They have good hearts, a good deal of instinctive courage and are tremendously willing. I think it's more habit and training than intelligence that prompts them to do what is expected of them."

NEXT WEEK'S QUESTION:

What college sport do you most enjoy promoting? (Asked at the Chicago convention of the American Colleges Public Relations Assn.)

Designed to steal your heart!

THE ENTIRELY NEW MG A



Made with a new engine
which will give you a feeling of
thrill and speed without sacrifice of
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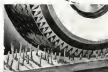
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Makers of MG, Austin-Healey, Magnette, Morris, Austin and Riley cars

There's promise in every line of this new beauty. And, promise becomes reality with the surge of its powerful new engine and the safe, solid roadability that puts the MG A in a class by itself. Designed to steal your heart... make a date for a test drive today.

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Forget flats from punctures
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less seals as it rolls.

Everything to keep you safe

1. Nygen® Cord Blowout Protection
2. PERFECTED PUNCTURE SEALING
3. Positive Air-Lock at Rim
4. Quick, Safe Stops

FITS YOUR PRESENT WHEELS



Only General has Nygen
Cord—Found for pound,
stronger than steel cables.

Listen to General Tire Sports Time
with Harry Warner on Mutual Radio



THE FLIGHT-SWEEP

It borrows from tomorrow to put you ahead today . . .

coming soon in the all-new cars of **THE FORWARD LOOK '56**



THE FLIGHT-SWEEP is the freshest new note in automobile design you will see this year.

It is the focus, the symbol of *all the newness* you will find in the 1956 Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto, Chrysler and Imperial.

From jutting headlight to crisply upswept tail, **THE FLIGHT-SWEEP** line accents the low, road-hugging length of these cars. Its silhouette—like the silhouette of a jet plane—conveys both *motion* and *power*!

This is the direction in which car design of the future will go—for it is *in tune with tomorrow*.

In fact, you'll find a *lot* of tomorrow in these cars—in the way they perform, in the way they drive, in the way they ride.

You will find, for example, **PUSHBUTTON POWER-FLITE!** You can select your driving range by simply pressing a button with your left index finger! Press "D" . . . step on the gas . . . and off you go!

You'll discover *new power, performance and economy* in the finest and most advanced engines in any cars today.

You'll enjoy *new safety and security*: new hydraulic braking systems that are surer and easier to operate . . . new Life-Guard door latches that hold fast under stress as none have ever done before . . . bodies and frames that are the most rigid and best-constructed in the industry. And if you wish, you may have safety seat belts.

In 1956, the second challenging year of **THE FORWARD LOOK**, the advantages of Chrysler Corporation cars over other cars become even greater than in '55—when many more than a million families bought these cars just a few short months after their introduction.

Watch for **THE FORWARD LOOK '56** It's coming soon. Make a date with your dealer and be among the first with **THE FLIGHT-SWEEP** . . . and *all* the new things in the 1956 Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto, Chrysler and Imperial!

CHRYSLER CORPORATION

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See Jack Brann on "Shower of Stars," Thursday, Oct. 6, CBS-TV

EVENTS &
DISCOVERIES

Long sigh in The Fenway • Leo exits quietly • Al Weill gains decision over Rocky • Pugs and plutocrats • A's for effort in K.C. • Nature study: Geese • Next round

SENECA IN BOSTON

THERE WAS A MOMENT in Boston on Friday night when thousands of people in Fenway Park began sketching out in their minds the rough blueprint of a miracle. The beloved Boston Red Sox were no longer able to win the pennant but perhaps they could keep the New York Yankees from winning it. Already that day Boston had beaten New York once . . .

The second game was going against Boston but in the seventh inning the Red Sox got two men on base with only one out. From the visitors' dugout climbed the Seneca figure of Casey Stengel, clad in his usual loose-fitting Yankee toga, to wave in a new pitcher. No customary relief pitcher, either, but Whitey Ford, the best the Yankees have. And then, in the crisp night air, the Yankees' best pitcher could not find the plate—and now there were three men on base and Ted Williams, Boston's incomparable Ted, standing up at the plate.

The blueprint was clear enough to read in the darkest corners of the right-field stands. A home run, or even a hit, and the Yankees could be beaten again.

And then Whitey Ford threw to Ted Williams, and the bat came around, and the ball bounded to the waiting Yankee infield for a double play. And the inning was over and they could roll up the blueprint. Fenway Park uttered a long mass sigh.

So the Yankees went on to win the game and the pennant again. In the

dressing room Casey Stengel grimaced for the photographers and made a little speech before changing out of his toga. He complimented the three teams that raced with the Yankees all through the late summer. The Red Sox: "Wonderful manager and ownership . . . certainly kept us right on edge up until a few minutes ago." The Chicago White Sox: "Wonderful because they had an aged pitching staff and was bothered by injuries like to Kell." The Cleveland Indians: "They had wonderful relief pitching but were also handicapped by cripples. . . . Al Lopez is a wonderful manager but I'm not going to sympathize with him."

Then he bowed to the 1955 New

York Yankees, the 21st Yankee team to win an American League pennant. "They came from behind to win," he said proudly, "and that is the best kind to win."

NO, BUT MAYBE

EIGHTEEN GAMES out of first place as the season ended, Manager Leo Durocher decided to quit the New York Giants and baseball in general (see page 45), perhaps to go into the beer business via an Anheuser-Busch distributorship. No, he said, "the performance of the Giants had nothing to do" with his retirement. No, he said,

continued on next page

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

Rocky Marciano faces a problem not unlike Alexander the Great's: no more heavy-weight contenders much worth conquering at the moment. But look for a surge in the demand for a Marciano-Moore rematch in Miami in February.

Earl Blaik's Army football team opened the season by running up the day's biggest score (and the biggest Cadet point spree since Davis and Blanchard) while crushing Furman 51-0. Don Hollender, the converted All-American end, failed to receive any real test as a quarterback but can expect it against strong Penn State this week.

Max Hirsch, 74-year-old trainer for Bob Kleberg's King Ranch, gained a verdict over Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons, 51-year-old trainer for Belair Stud, as High Gun, leading 3-year-old of 1954, gave Nashua, the current sophomore champion, five pounds and a sound licking in the rich and muddy Sysonby at Belmont.

Three Ball Clubs, already rebuilding for 1956, started at the top. Mrs. Grace Comiskey of the White Sox accepted the resignation of stormy General Manager Frank Lane, Horace Stoneham of the Giants did the same for even stormier Manager Leo Durocher, and Branch Rickey of the Pirates fired peaceful Manager Fred Haney on the last day of the season.

Willie Mays, whose batting average fell from first in the National League in 1954 to second in 1955 while his New York Giants were falling even farther, had further statistics to apply toward a rise in pay: most home runs in the majors (51), 127 runs batted in, 122 runs scored, 24 stolen bases, a .319 batting average.

The Denver Conference to discuss a national fitness program this week, which President Eisenhower was to have addressed, was postponed, possibly until this winter, after the President's heart attack.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued from page 11

an Anheuser-Busch job didn't mean that he would soon be managing Gusie Busch's Cardinals. Never again then, Leo? "It could be," admitted the man who has spent 31 years at it, "that I'll get bored being away from baseball."

AFTER THE FIGHT

A FEW HOURS after he was counted out at Yankee Stadium (see page 36) Archie Moore was sitting in Greenwich Village's Cafe Bohemia, his foot tapping to the blue rhythms of his friend and favorite saxophone player,



Lucky Thompson. Archie's right eye was closed tight. The eye showed a lump the size of a half-inched golf ball. For all that, Archie looked like a happy, contented man. With the philosophical outlook of one who has lost before, but never so profitably, he stammered it up:

"The crowd enjoyed the fight. I enjoyed it. I think the future will mold itself."

The future may well mold itself into a return match, if only to resolve the question raised by that stunning second round when Archie Moore stood for a flimsy few moments on the brink of the heavyweight championship. Had a bemused referee, working in his first heavyweight championship fight, stopped counting at two—which was when Champion Rocky Marciano rose with heedless, instinctive courage to his uncertain feet—would Archie have finished the champion? Perhaps. But Referee Harry Kessler rose on counting to four. For a little significant while, Referee Kessler seemed to have forgotten that the mandatory eight-count does not apply in championship fights. For a little significant while Archie Moore hesitated to push this fuddled symbol of authority aside and get on with his work.

While Archie soothed himself with Village jazz and left the future to its own inscrutable devisings, his conqueror paced the kitchen of a Bronx hotel suite. Where Archie's right eye was closed and swollen, Rocky's left eye was damaged. While Archie shrugged off tomorrow, Rocky fought it. He could not decide what tomorrow would

be. He wondered whether to quit the prize ring undefeated and thus—like any other normal Brooklyn, Massachusetts) young man—spend more than a few weeks of the year with his family. His father, mother and wife asked him to quit. They scored heavily with Rocky, who has been conscience-stricken that his 3-year-old daughter did not at first recognize him after his long training period.

But his manager, Al Weill, to whom a scruple still weighs as little as it did in Roman times (1/24th of an ounce), quashed this qualm with a few words.

"He ain't quittin'," Weill snapped. "That's just talk."

"It's just talk," Rocky agreed. Next day at his press conference he was obediently firm that he would defend his title, perhaps after an elimination tournament among such dubious hopefuls as Nino Valdes, Bob Baker (both beaten previously by Moore), the preposterous Hurricane Jackson and even the very young and still very light Floyd Patterson. To Weill, and thereby to Rocky, the future loomed only as a golden imperative.

February and Miami appealed to the International Boxing Club James D. Norris, president) as the time and place for a rematch, but Weill would place as soon let Archie grow a year older. Time, he calculates, is on his side.

THE CORINTHIANS DINE

THE 60,000 fight fans who saw Rocky Marciano knock out Archie Moore included a fair sprinkling of the famous—John Foster Dulles and Lauren Bacall, for instance. But for concentration of eminence the gathering at

Yankee Stadium was far outshone two evenings before when a mere 300 gentlemen in dinner jackets sat down at the famous old Cafe Royal on Regent Street, London, to dine, wine and see a few fights. These were members of London's famed old (since 1891) National Sporting Club, and they were meeting for the first time since World War II in quarters suited to the fastidious tradition of their organization. Their intent: to enjoy a good dinner and then settle down with brandy and cigars to the quiet contemplation of fist fighting. It would be quiet because the Club rules forbid unseemly shouting or any applause beyond the patter of hands between rounds.

"They are," explained 61-year-old John Harding, general manager of the Club, "the last of the Corinthians." He adjusted his monocle to define a Corinthian as "a man who does everything for the sake of sport, who fosters sport but who is upright and honest and makes no illegal profit from sport." Lord Byron, he decided, was a fine example of the "perfect Corinthian."

At the Cafe Royal, which about the time the Club was founded had become a favorite restaurant of Edward VII, Oscar Wilde and Lily Langtry, members arrived the other night in dinner jackets at 7:15. They had drinks in the Pompadour Room and a half hour later moved into the candlelit Brasserie Room for dinner. The menu: smoked salmon, lobster cocktail or cantaloupe; green turtle or cream of tomato soup; steak, kidney and grouse pie (the favorite), charcoal-grilled fillet of beef or breast of chicken; National Sporting Club ice, fresh fruit salad and double cream; cheese and coffee. *Price per:* 25 shillings, plus 15 guineas annual dues. Champagne and bets came extra.

At 9 sharp the members transferred to a large, rectangular, pinkish room with a balcony—the Louis XVI Suite. About 50 men in business suits, marking them as uncles of fighters or cousins of waiters, occupied the balcony. The Club members took seats at small tables set on the main floor around a boxing ring.

During the next two hours, today's Corinthians watched five bouts, signaling from time to time to white-coated waiters when a glass turned up empty. Talk was subdued but now and then a voice would rise in volume to utter something like: "I'll lay you a pound the colored boy doesn't last this round." Twice excitement overcame the Corinthians. They clapped and shouted. Each time the master of ceremonies warned them: "Gentlemen!



CAMPUS HERO

He's a four-letter man

At college, we hear.

That's the number of times

He serves home cook year.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

Gentlemen! You know we do not applaud during a fight."

An especially exciting bout, won by Oliver Paul of Nigeria over Teddy Barker of Swindon, so delighted the members that they responded with a shower of "nobbins"—coins and bills tossed into the ring. And when game loser Pat McCoy of Ireland left the ring after the fourth fight (against Bola Lawal of Nigeria), his blood-smeared gloves were stuffed with pound notes. In addition to this largesse the boxers earned between £15 and £125, depending on their reputations.

None had reputations like others who have fought for the National Sporting Club: Sam Langford, Terrible Terry McGovern, Kid Lewis, Kid McCoy, Peter Jackson, Tommy Ryan. In the opinion of the 10th Marquess of Queensberry (the eighth Marquess composed modern boxing's rules and was a visitor to the Club), "the greatest heavyweight battle ever staged in any ring" was a Club affair between Peter Jackson and Frank Slavin. When Jackson was declared the winner after 10 rounds "the ordinarily staid members so far forgot themselves as to burst out into a veritable bedlam of cheering." In 1916 the 22-year-old Prince of Wales (now the 61-year-old Duke of Windsor) so far forgot himself as to climb into the ring to congratulate winners, the first time royalty had visited the Club.

Today 20% of the members are Americans—among them Rear Admiral Tully Shelley—and Britons include Lord Selkison, the Earl of Middleton, Sir Leslie Joseph and naturally enough the present Marquess of Queensberry.

After the fights, the members drifted back to the long Pompadour Room bar to drink, talk boxing and pay bets. A member who could not pay immediately was expected to send his check to the Club secretary, using not the name but the number of the member he owed. Thus, the British right of privacy is preserved. At any rate it is acknowledged and that, of course, is what really counts.

About midnight the Corinthians began to leave the bar. They ambled out into the cool of the evening and waited as their cars—Humbers, Rolls-Royces and Bentleys—purred along Regent Street to pick them up. In two weeks they would be back again for more beef, more brandy, more boxing.

THE ELEGANT A'S

A MOTLEY of has-beens and hopefuls, still-legged veterans and raw recruits, the Kansas City Athletics were

picked to finish a horrible last in the American League. Instead, they have made certain of finishing an elegant sixth and, in the process, have had more than a little to say about the pennant. During the latter days of the season, they have buzzed the league leaders like gaffies, at one time or another knocking the Yankees and White Sox out of first place and all but extinguishing the last flickering hope of the Boston Red Sox.

In consequence of all this, Manager Lou Boudreau is regarded in Kansas City as a wonder-worker who has played it by ear from day to day and improvised as skillfully as a trumpet player in a jam session. Similarly, Owner Arnold Johnson is looked upon as a kindly Daddy Warbucks who, like Little Orphan Annie's Daddy, is frequently absent from the scene but always there with his checkbook when an Enos Slaughter or a Vic Raschi turns up on the open market or the scouts flush a likely prospect in the back country. A standing Johnson order has been: "If he's worth it, pay the boy enough to make sure we get him." Following instructions, the scouts have signed 144 boys and assigned them to farm clubs.

The Athletics fans' loyalty in attendance was just another example of their adherence to the Kansas City code which is that if you call a man your friend, you don't quit on him when the going is tough. Following the code, 5,000 fans were at the airport to

cheer the team after a disastrous road trip; they turned out in force again the day after the A's suffered one of the most catastrophic defeats in baseball history: a 29-6 shellacking by Chicago. This particular demonstration of faith so inspired Alex Kellner that he pitched a shutout against the White Sox.

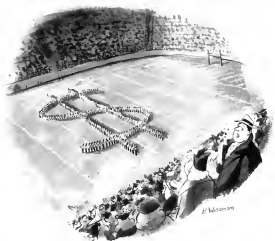
In this atmosphere, a number of players have undergone startling transformations. Vic Power, a .255 hitter in Philadelphia and a rather listless performer generally, has hit well over .300 all season and, in the opinion of Boudreau, is the best first baseman in the league. Elmer Valo, for years an unsensational hitter, has developed into a dangerous man in the clutch and has wound up hitting in the neighborhood of .360. Slaughter has sparked the team with his enthusiasm and performance. Up and down the line, oldsters and youngsters have outdone themselves—even if they didn't have a lot to outdo.

Do they dream now of first division in Kansas City? Not if the ball club's officials can help it. The fans are reminded that first division is still years away. That's probably O.K. with the fans because, as they say in K.C., what's a few years among friends?

GEESSE AT THE RACES

STRANGE are the tales told by the horse players and weird and awesome are the things that will happen

continued on next page



"It's a business college, you know?"

continued from page 12

around a track, often unbeknownst to the mob at large. Like a fellow will think he has torn up a winning ticket and is about to blow his brains out when he stops to lift a little old lady up to the \$2 window and then, after this act of charity, will find the winning ticket stuck in his batband, it being the Chinese laundryman's ticket he tore up and threw away. As the song says, who can explain it, who can tell you why?

Who, take an example, can explain the geese at Centennial Race Track, the track in Denver? When it first opened in 1950, these geese flew in from Canada and took a gander, so to speak, at the track and settled down on the infield. There were about 75 of them. They waddled around, easing the joint, then eased on over to the starting gate and looked over the horses. Never went out on the track, just looked around,



honking among themselves. Between races, people would notice them and laugh and make remarks and the track brass, seeing a free attraction, passed the word that some whole wheat and cracked corn were to be passed out to the geese, what did it cost?

So the geese go for it and stay all through the meeting, watching each race like they had money on it, but never getting in the way. Every afternoon after the last race, they honk it up and fly off to this lake out of town. Next day they're back for the first race and stay right through the last one. Finally, on the last day of the meeting, everybody began wondering what they would do now. Would they hang around after the track shut down? Not on your life. Immediately after the racing season, they took off, wheeled into the V-formation and headed for the Deep South.

Next year they were back for the first day of the meeting, stayed through until the last race on the last day, took off and headed south. And it's been the same story every year since. Only this season, there were about 200 of them on the infield. Same thing: show up the first day, take off after the last race the last day. Ask Ivan Thomas, the track's general manager; ask Lanny Leighninger, the official state steward. Ask

anybody that follows the horses in Denver. Every one of them will tell you the same thing.

One guy says the geese come back because the track feeds them. Another guy says, "So how do they know when it's opening day and when it's closing day?" Another character claims it's the result of the hydrogen bomb tests, the atmosphere is changing and geese are getting smarter than people. It figures when you stop to think about it. Here are these honkers getting free food, making no sucker bets, and then flying south and probably working the same dodge at the Florida tracks. Dog tracks. The flamings have got the concession at Hialeah.

CURTAIN TIME

FOR A FEW WEEKS before the Marcelino-Moore fight there was a lull in New York Boxing Commissioner Julius Helfand's investigation into the dark ways and vain tricks of boxing's more devious elements. He had suspended a slew of managers for refusing to testify about the inner workings of their guild, had established quite clearly that Welterweight Vince Martinez was being boycotted by the managers. The Pennsylvania commission was pushing its own investigation vigorously. It seemed reasonable to think that Helfand, when he let the curtain fall, had made only a tentative step toward uncovering what he set out to uncover. It was assumed

that the curtain would rise again after the big fight, that the intermission was meant only to clear the sports pages for pre-fight ballyhoo.

But the managers are a hopeful lot and out of the side streets around Madison Square Garden there crept rumors that Helfand had been ordered from on high—by State Boss and Tammany Chieftain Carmine De Sapio, perhaps—to let his investigation die.

The day after the fight Helfand was interviewed on CBS radio by Bill Leonard, whose nightly program covers feature aspects of New York City life. Helfand did not sound like a man who was letting matters slide.

"We have been able to develop evidence," he said, "which throws great suspicion on the fact that there are undesirable elements in the fight game. Of that I'm convinced."

"And you would continue to pursue this course of investigation?" Leonard asked.

"Not that I will continue to pursue, I am continuing to pursue it to drive those elements out of business if I can. That, I think, is the primary responsibility of this commission because, whether this is a good or bad sport, it cannot possibly survive if those elements are in it, and so first you must ... convince the public ... that this is an honest sport and is not a racket. If you can't convince them of that you might just as well give up the whole business."

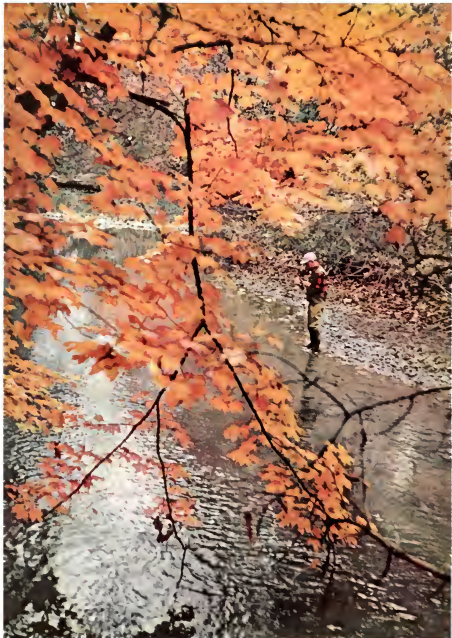
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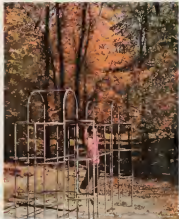
SPECTACLE

AUTUMN IN INDIANA

Framed by bright foliage, a fisherman stands at the edge of a full stream in rural Wayne County, Indiana—alone in a sun-warmed and windless silence so complete that the faint splash of his bass lure seems to linger almost as long as the widening circles it left on the water. But in solitude he symbolizes millions. The North American fall is still—as it was in the days of the Indian—a time when human beings can scarcely avoid a lifted heart, a sort of thanksgiving of the senses, as Americans harvest cool and golden days

PHOTOGRAPHED BY RICHARD MEEK







*At a dreamy compulsion rather than a task: she
kneels, stirs her smoldering leaves and
thus perfumes the still and frost-cleaned air*

*The sky is serene blue, grass still green,
leaves in gold glory. Now comes the time
when youngsters, stirred by viny
afternoons, find the town park a magic place—
its slide a glacier of terror and joy,
its shadowed turf a roaring football stadium,
its jungle bars a zoo for agile human chimps*



*What world can be more fascinating than the one
which awaits outside the doors of any school just
after the dismissal bell?*



*Dusk? Supper? Studies? They lie
far ahead. The huge, bright, wan-
ing afternoon must be explored; to youth's
cavalry, familiar Midwestern
houses and trees loom against the clear
sky bravely as ever in ancient Camelot*

NORTH AMERICA: FALL: LAST WEEK

by PAUL O'NEIL

IT WAS COOL AFTER DARK in the gaps and hollows of the Appalachian chain; fires flickered late at night in the high woods of Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia and the ridges echoed to the voices of hounds trailing the distant fox. It was a lovely sound, and an old, old sound in the southern hills, and, if you thought of it, a significant one—a sort of musical bridge to a past when this country lived by virtue of the rifle and the plow, and when men hunted, and tapped time to fiddles, and drank their whisky, and ran their dogs and awaited winter after the crop was in. It was no longer the same country. The very men who sat listening around the fires last week rattled off in pickup trucks when it was time to bring in the hounds. Autumn, in fact, was as much a state of mind as a season, even in New England where the leaves turn as brightly red and gold as they did in the day of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. But fall still gave Americans the same sense of release, well-being and excitement their ancestors knew, and of all seasons it proved them a sporting people. For one thing it meant the World Series—this week that hallowed and feverish national rite, reflected by television, held the attention, almost literally, of every man, woman and child in the country. It meant football—which this year was even influencing young women's clothes: thick, heavy, oversized "football hero" sweaters were a thing and coeds on the West Coast were sleeping in jersey pajama tops with their heroes' numbers on the back. Big football in 1955 was more than ever a sport to be criticized for nine months, but almost universally admired for its heroics and drama in the fall; the crowds were flocking in near-record numbers to stadiums where they could hear bands and masses cheering and see fast, exciting and professionally competent football; before the season was over they would go to see it in weather calculated to discourage an antartic expedition. But then, fall was a time when it was almost a duty to get outdoors and take deep breaths. It was a hot season in a surprisingly large part of the country, but even in smoggy Los Angeles and along the humid Gulf of Mexico, people felt a new briskness of spirit. Yachtsmen were out, as they would be all through the

autumn, on Louisiana's Lake Pontchartrain. Fishing was wonderful along the southern coasts—for weakfish, mangrove snappers, channel bass, wahoo, dolphin, amberjack. One angler made a rarer haul—a Baptist pastor named Allen Barrett spead a fox asleep while he was fishing Stones River near Monrovia, Tenn.; he tied a loop in his line, flipped it around one of Reynard's feet, reeled, leaped, seized his astonished quarry by the tail and the nape of the neck and lugged it home, struggling, in triumph. Silver salmon were running in Puget Sound, surf fishermen were beginning to hook big stripers at Cape Cod and Martha's Vineyard and trout—out of season in the East—still rose to the fly in the Rockies and the Sierra Nevada. There seemed to be more fall fishermen than ever; sport in general, as a matter of fact, had never been so thoroughly woven into the fabric of national life. In Seattle nobody saw anything surprising at all in the fact that the Boeing Aircraft Company's legion of aeronautical mechanics were hell-bent on raising \$160,000, building a Gold Cup speedboat and racing against toils like Henry Kaiser. In California dozens of new, summer-built ski lifts were ready for action; there was still only a dusting of new snow on western mountains but skiers were already courting old snowfields above timberline. The most productive hunting season of recent years seemed at hand. Forest fires, drought and hurricanes had damaged swaths of countryside, farmers had not lost their innate suspicion of city men with guns (Chester Shanks of Campbell, Texas welcomed all quail hunters—who would help him pick cotton), but game was abundant. Big deer herds roam the northern and mountain states. So many ducks will wing down the Central, Mississippi and Atlantic flyways this year that hunters will be given from 10 to 15 days more shooting than in 1954. But fall, as always, offered something more than football bonfires, the soul-satisfying click of a shell being jacked into the chamber of a rifle, or the sight of a setter in sere grass. What? It was hard to describe. Perhaps it was only this: that at dusk on the right fall evening it was hard not to think of the old songsters, or of wagon trains, grinding west to Oregon. (END)

THE TOUGH TERRAPINS STOP THE KNOXES

by JAMES MURRAY

High up in a rain-spattered stadium in Maryland, a West Coast football father gets a demonstration (7-0) that a big, rough line is a greater asset on a muddy field than all the talent and tutoring built into UCLA's impressive young back

AFTER THE GAME, Maryland Coach Jim Tatum and UCLA Coach Red Sanders blew each other long, admiring kisses. "That team is majestic, simply majestic!" said Red Sanders, whose team had been beaten 7-0. Said Maryland's Jim Tatum, whose club had just shut them out: "UCLA will become the highest scoring team in the nation."

Actually, the game had been neither majestic nor high scoring. It had been a taut, brittle struggle in the mud and rain between two teams which were more than a little afraid of each other and a little overawed by the stakes. And it had been decided by a single, simple mistake.

It was in the third quarter and Maryland had the ball on the UCLA 17, fourth down and one foot to go. The UCLA Bruins lined up defensively in a virtual nine-man line. It was the moment Maryland Quarterback Frank Tamburello had been waiting for and he quickly changed the play he had called in the huddle in favor of an around-end option.

The play was classic split-T. Tamburello slid along the line of scrimmage to his right. He showed the ball tantalizingly to Bruin End Johnny Hermann, like a guide giving a tourist a flash of a French postcard. Hermann hesitated, then lunged. In that instant, Tamburello pitched the ball quickly out to the trailing half-back, Ed Vereb—and the UCLA Bruins had lost their first ball game since the 1954 Rose Bowl.

But that was simply the outcome of the game. The drama of the game did not star Tamburello and Vereb at all but that old, familiar father-and-son act of Knox and Knox—Harvey, father, and Ronnie, son.

Ronnie's part in the game consisted of throwing 15 passes, completing 10 and seeing two intercepted. Harvey's part was a little more complicated. To begin with, there was the matter of the Harvey Knox quotes, the ones Coach Tatum pasted up in the Maryland dressing room. Not the usual run of "We-will-do-or-bust" sentiments; these were fine, reckless throwback quotes, the kind worthy of a John L.

Sullivan at a brewery picnic. In substance, they served notice on the football world that Harvey Knox, father, expected Ronnie Knox, son, to be able to lick any football team in the house by five or six touchdowns—in this case, Maryland.

Since this is not the kind of rugged honesty football coaches ordinarily afflict each other with, Coach Sanders was understandably distressed. Although he is no believer in the emotional plea or hair-shredding school of coaching, it occurred to him that Harvey's quotes by now had become an integral part of the Maryland attack and somehow had to be dealt with along with the quarterback-keep and the fullback-counter.

Accordingly, in the pre-game confidential scouting report—a document normally given over to a dispassionate discussion of how to meet the flesh-and-blood hazards of the game without confusing the boys with those they cannot throw out of bounds—Red saw fit to caution his team: "Do not be misled by the various artificial methods used by an opponent seeking the psychological advantage. They

[Maryland] can't try much harder [to beat you] than they did last year."

Of course, Red did not want his players to think Harvey was the only one who had any confidence in them. "We think," he told them in the scouting report, "we have an excellent chance." He also warned them: "In no way are you to consider Maryland as the 'make-or-break' game on our schedule or that you haven't been tested yet. You had a pretty fair test last week by a team [Texas A&M] that tried real hard to defeat you."

That, of course, was Sanders' pre-game outlook. Harvey Knox, who had issued a somewhat more extravagant and unconfidential memo of his own, had reason to regard the game as a make-or-break game, at least for him. But when he arrived at Seat 5 in Row V, Section 24 of Byrd Stadium in College Park, Md., wearing a black hat

continued on page 28



AT SANDERS' SIDE, Ronnie listens to field-telephone report from UCLA spotter.



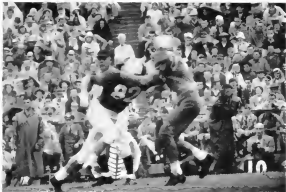
WALKER, BACKED UP BY MURPHY
WENT IN FOR ONLY TOUCHDOWN

FOOTBALL

continued from page 20



AN ELUSIVE RONNIE, rushed hard by 235-pound Terp Tackle Joe Lazzarino (70), manages to find a receiver, completes a short running pass. Despite the slick ball, Ronnie left five out of five the first half, ended up with 99 yards on 10 completions.



A HARD-PRESSED RONNIE fends off charging Maryland End Jim Parsons (above) after quick-kicking 61 yards to the Terp three in the first quarter. Below, Knox is smeared in his tracks by a gang of tacklers after catching a punt a few plays later.



with what he called a "college crush" and a jaunty angle, Harvey was ready for a little escapology. "This rain has got to hurt us," he announced as he sat down and began to look with cheerful interest for No. 18 among the gold-and-light-blue uniforms of the UCLA team. He spotted No. 18 just as it was completing the first practice pass to a teammate. "That's a good omen," shot in Harvey quickly. "Have no fear. We're all right."

He spotted Ronnie cleaning his cleats with a wire brush. "That's a trick we learned at Santa Monica High," explained Harvey quickly. "We had two wire brushes. Here, they have only one." He said it disapprovingly.

In the first half, it was just like old times at Santa Monica. Ronnie threw five passes and completed five passes and better yet he kept Maryland bottled up in its own territory with his ball-control and quick-kicking. Once, he quick kicked 61 yards, the ball rolling dead on the Maryland three. Other times, he sat on the bench on the phone to the UCLA spotters upstairs plotting more devastation for the Marylanders whose rotating defense sometimes seemed to have the effect of rotating the players into each other.

INTO THAT RED LINE

Harvey lost his aplomb only once. In the beginning of the second quarter, Ronnie drove the team from the Maryland 47 to the Maryland three. He called for his fullback, Doug Peters, to go crashing into the line. He made two yards. Ronnie called for him to try it again. Peters fumbled and lost the ball. "Oh, no!" shrieked Harvey. "He knows better than that. I have taught him never to put the football in there twice in the same place. I have taught him better than that!"

When UCLA took over on the Maryland 39 just before the end of the half, Harvey was on his feet waving his arms. "All right, now, Ronnie—over for six!" He sat down. "We're gonna move now!" he predicted confidently.

Down on the field, UCLA moved—the wrong way. On the first play, Ronnie was hit for a 19-yard loss. The next play, he was spilled for an 11-yard loss. The third play, a Knox Statue of Liberty, was hit for another 11-yard loss. When Knox finally dropped into punt formation, he couldn't even kick the ball to where he had been.

"No more tricky stuff," promised Harvey when he had recovered his

breath. "Tricky stuff is out on that slippery field. We know that now."

Between the halves, Harvey ignored the antics of the band and the drum majorettes to concentrate on the business at hand: "If I were coach," he began, "if I were coach in this half coming up, I would say we have to do this: we have to send Davenport up the middle and we have to throw hook passes—my tailback rolling out on my option passes or runs. But no lateral stuff—no lateral stuff. The field's too wet. I might interject a little short, flat pass. But nothing laterally. We're trying too much tricky stuff."

For the first six minutes of the second half, UCLA and Knox got no chance to try any stuff. Maryland took the kickoff and ground its way down for a touchdown in that time.

Harvey was equal to the challenge.

"It's not over yet," he said brashly as Maryland prepared for the point after touchdown. "This point here will determine whether we win or lose." Maryland's Bob Laughery booted it squarely between the goal posts.

"Now," explained Harvey, "we will see Ronnie under pressure." He spotted Ronnie near the bench with Coach Sanders. "It's Ronnie and Red," he said quickly. "Ronnie has got his work cut out for him." On the field, Ronnie was chronically disappearing from sight under a shroud of red jerseys. "Ronnie seems hurt," Harvey sensed once, jumping to his feet. "Ronnie has hurt his shoulder."

Later, when Scentback Chuck Hollaway entered the game, Harvey cheered up again. "Six points just went in," he told the stands. "Six points. Know why? He's fresh and Ronnie will hit him with a down-and-out for six. If Maryland ever played loose it better play loose now."

Ronnie tried a wide sweep and floundered on Maryland Center Bob Pellegrini for a two-yard loss. "They were red-dogging him. They were red-dogging the hell out of him." A moment later, Ronnie threw to Hollaway but missed him. Harvey was plunged in gloom. Behind him, a spectator cracked, "If these Bruins don't show something we haven't seen, they are going to lose." "We have seen it all," confessed the depressed Harvey. "We have seen it all."

In the last quarter, Ronnie got one last desperate drive on the way. Harvey was on his feet. "Look at that boy!" he said, a light in his eyes. "Would you just look at him! C'mon, Ronnie. Send Peters up the middle. Tighten them up, Ronnie, tighten

them up. Plenty of time to go in that end zone yet."

As it happened, there wasn't plenty of time, although Ronnie completed a pass from his own end zone with only a minute to play. A moment later, he hit Right End Tom Adams with a pass but it was fumbled and fallen on by Pellegrini, and the game was over.

In the dressing rooms, Maryland was scornfully jubilant, UCLA scornfully disappointed. Pellegrini praised his team's scouting report. His team's strategy lay in forcing Ronnie to try to run, he said. "They said Ronnie thinks he's a triple threat," said Pellegrini. The Maryland captain singled out the UCLA captain, Lineman Hardiman Cureton, for the best game on the field. Tamburello also told the press, "I think Hardiman Cureton is an All-America. Anyway, he is the best lineman I've ever played against."

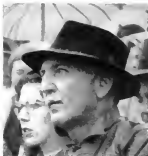
UNDER A 20-GALLON HAT

In the UCLA dressing room, the players couldn't say they hadn't been told. Their scouting report informed them bluntly: "They [Maryland] have no poor players. Tamburello is probably the best split-T quarterback in the nation and he, more than anyone else, makes them tick on offense. . . . Defensively, they are big and tough, with Pellegrini being the hub. . . ."

It was a game Maryland had wanted to win for a year—ever since its national championship club lost to the Bruins in Los Angeles last October. As for Sanders, who had confessed in his scouting memo, "UCLA has now the best offense in its history," he had some explaining to do. Harvey Knox stood in the emptying murky stadium.

"How come?" he wanted to know darkly. "How come Maryland and UCLA played last year out in California on a field that hadn't been rained on in seven months and they played a tight, defensive game, kicking on third down and playing it close to the vest? And how come this year on a field that is soaking wet and being rained on right this minute they come out and play a spread formation with passes and tricky stuff?"

Tatum, with no Harvey Knox to answer to, cocked a 20-gallon hat over his eye and gloated: "They said last fall this game is the World Series of football. I think both clubs were great, but we were the better ball club." And he grinned at the reporters as he started to the door. "What about Harvey Knox?" someone called after him. Tatum smiled. "Harvey Knox?" he taunted. "Who's he?" (END)



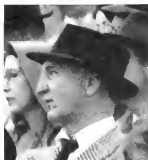
HARVEY KNOX: "IF I WERE COACH . . ."



"THIS RAIN HAS GOT TO HURT US"



HE KNOWS BETTER THAN THAT"



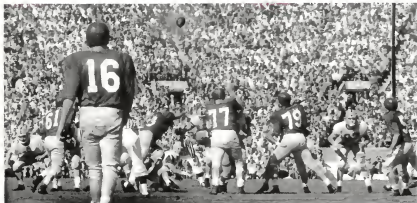
NOTRE DAME FINDS A QUARTERBACK

Notre Dame's biggest worry for the 1955 football season was finding a quarterback. The Irish need worry no longer. Paul Hornung, 19-year-old junior from Louisville, Ky., proved to be a masterful field general in the Bertelli-Lujack-Guglielmi tradition as Notre Dame whipped Southern Methodist 17-0 in its opening game at South Bend. Hornung scored a touchdown, kicked a field goal, passed adequately, defended brilliantly

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD MEEK

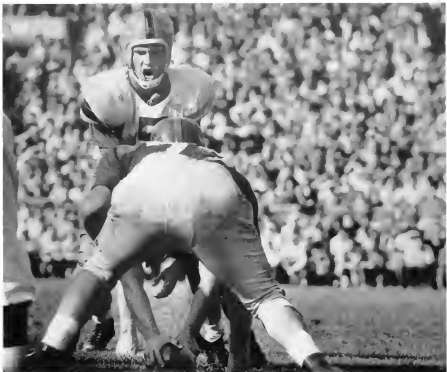


BELLOWING SIGNALS AS HE SURVEYS THE SOUTHERN



KICKING FIELD GOAL. Hornung (visible to left of SMU's Number 17) scores from 35-yard line to raise Notre Dame's lead

to 10-0 early in the second quarter. Powerfully built Hornung stands 6 feet 2 inches, weighs 205 pounds, heavy for a quarterback.



METRODIST DEFENSE. JUNIOR QUARTERBACK PAUL HORNUNG AWAITS THE SNAP OF BALL FROM CENTER BEFORE LAUNCHING A NOTRE DAME ASSAULT



CARRYING BALL. Hornung racks up big yardage behind blocking of End Dick Prendergast. Used last year as a reserve

fullback, Hornung is a truly bruising runner. Against SMU, he ran for Notre Dame's first score, gained 70 yards in 13 carries.

ARCHIE MOORE FINDS A SYMPATHIZER

The bond between fighters who have met in the ring is a strong one. For 25 minutes and 19 seconds last week, Heavyweight Champion Rocky Marciano and Challenger Archie Moore exchanged blows with a ferocity that has characterized man-to-man combat since the dawn of history (see page 36). Then, with Moore counted out in the ninth round, a solicitous Marciano rushed impulsively to his stricken opponent, whose arm extended limply toward the champion as if to ask that the punishing interlude between the two be forgotten. But in the minds of 61,574 eyewitnesses the struggle will linger vividly for a long, long time

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARK KAUFFMAN







DRIVING ON THE OUTSIDE. HIGH GUN NIPS JET ACTION IN MUD-SPATTERED FINISH. NASHUA,

HIGH GUN SHOWS JUNIOR HOW

Four-year-old High Gun lay back, took flying mud from three-year-old Nashua, ran last for half a mile, then roared up to win the \$106,700 Sysonhy at Belmont with a stirring stretch run



MUDDY EDDIE Arcaro manages lonely postrace smile for railbirds. He had no excuses for Nashua's failure to win the race.



AVORED IN HIS FIRST OUTING AGAINST OLDER HORSES, IS THIRD WITH HELIOSCOPE FOURTH



MUDDY WILLIE Boland finds himself in winner's circle with New York Governor Averell Harriman, who made presentation,

King Ranch Owners Mr. and Mrs. Robert Kloborg, Trainer Max Hirsch, Mrs. Harriman. (For a Synonby analysis see page 44.)



WITH BUILDER J. C. BAKER AT HELM BOAT CLIMBS ONTO HYDROFOILS, SKIMS AT 35 MPH

WATER BUG

The bizarre craft above, behaving more like an outside water spider than an honest sailboat, is being used in a Navy research project on hydrofoils being carried out by the Baker Manufacturing Co. of Evansville, Wis. The foils, operating on the same lift principle as an airplane wing, hike the hull out of the water at 12 mph, reducing resistance and allowing the boat to reach the incredible sailing speed of 30 mph. Hydrofoils give sailors another great advantage: they never have to hail. "We have a hole in the bottom," says one of Baker's engineers. "When we get up on the foils, we just pull out the cork."



REAR FOIL acts as rudder, holds down the stern so that boat will not nose-dive.

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THE KAPPA III KNIT—softly
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* TRADEMARK



New '56 FORD...the fine

With new 202-h.p. Thunderbird Y8 engine...

WITH ALL ITS exciting beauty and power news for 1956, Ford announces the biggest safety news in car history. It is Lifeguard design—the first major contribution to driver and passenger safety in accidents.

Two years ago, Ford undertook a program of research and testing to determine the causes of accident injuries... so a safer car could be built.

In co-operation with universities, medical associations and safety experts, it was found that over half of serious injuries were caused by drivers being

thrown against the steering post, riders striking hard surfaces within the car or being thrown from the car. To guard you, Ford developed exclusive Lifeguard design, a new family of safety features described on the opposite page.

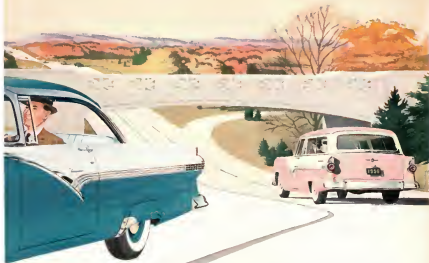
Here is the rest of Ford's spectacular news! Ford brings you new Thunderbird styling—long, low lines that only the Thunderbird could inspire.

Ford brings you the magnificent 202-h.p. Thunderbird Y-8... an engine so packed with GO that it is sheer delight to command. And you'll appre-

ciate the reassuring passing power that is yours instantly when instincts count.

But that's only the beginning. When you learn all the facts at your Ford Dealer's, you'll know that Ford is truly the *fine* car at half the fine-car price.

NEW Thunderbird Y-8 power. Imagine! The 202-h.p. Thunderbird Y-8 engine, with all its lightning, is offered in all Fordomatic Fairlane and Station Wagon models. In Fordomatic Mainline and Customline models you can have the new GO-parked 176-h.p. Y-8. And Ford's new 157-h.p. Six is available in all 18 Ford models for '56.



Styled like the Thunderbird. The new Ford Fairlane Victoria, at left, and the new Ford Parklane Station Wagon, above, are two of Ford's 18 new beauties with styling inspired by the fabulous Ford Thunderbird, at upper left.

car at half the fine car price
with new Thunderbird styling...with new Lifeguard design



New Lifeguard steering wheel complements the beauty of Ford's modern instrument panel.

NEW Lifeguard safety features. They include Ford's Lifeguard steering wheel (deep-center structure acts as a cushion in the event of accident) . . . Lifeguard double-grip door locks (designed to give extra protection from doors springing open) . . . optional Lifeguard cushioning for instrument panel and sun visors (to lessen injuries from impact) . . . optional Lifeguard seat belts (that keep occupants securely in their seats for added safety). And you get all these Lifeguard features only in Ford.

When you learn the full Lifeguard story, you'll know Ford has done something definite and important to protect you and yours.

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Speed that splits seconds—that's what a hunter wants—and gets from a Winchester shotgun. The photo above was shot with ultra high speed stroboscopic equipment so that every smooth movement of the Winchester Model 50 could be shown. Starting from scratch, the hunter turns, points and fires—in less than 3/5 of a second. Fast? You bet! Only Winchester gives you that kind of speed because only Winchester builds natural, self pointing qualities into every shotgun regardless of price, style or grade. Right now is the time to buy that Winchester you've always wanted. Remember, everybody shoots better with a Winchester.

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WINCHESTER

THE FINGER OF FATE

In this World Series, it is being pointed with sturdy eloquence by Bill Summers, the chief umpire and outstanding example of the courageous, abuse-resistant and dedicated men in blue

by WILLIAM SLOCUM

ONE OR MORE TIMES during the course of this wonderful September madness known as the World Series you will exercise your right as a fair-minded, typical red-blooded American. From your seat at Yankee Stadium, Ebbets Field, your own living room or the neighborhood saloon you will bellow with gusto, "You blind bum, you. He was safe a mile. Where do they get those umpires?"

That last is a fair question and easily answered. Anybody can be a World Series umpire who meets these simple qualifications:

He must be a publicity-shy egomaniac who can lick his weight in wildcats but runs from fights; a man who is fond of all normal earthly pleasures yet eschews wine, women and song eight months of the year. He must have extraordinary health and reflexes, an encyclopedic knowledge of baseball, the digestion of a Harlem goat, perfect eyesight and a built-in set of professional ethics on a plane with the saints. It will be helpful, in addition, if his tastes are simple because such paragons are not overly rewarded on this earth.

You not only can't hardly find them kind of humans any more; you practically never could. One of them, however, is a leading figure in this World Series, the man whose face is shown in the photograph at right: Bill Summers, veteran umpire of the major leagues.

Summers has an awesome collection of superlatives in his biography. He has umpired 23 years in the majors, more than any other arbiter now working. He has the World Series record in that category too (seven) and the All-Star assignment record (six). An agile, roly-poly little fellow of 29, he has been umpiring in organized baseball for 35 years, undoubtedly still another record. Summers is quite short and would have trouble getting a job in the majors today because the fad in both leagues is for big men. (Bill Klem, the best of them all, was even shorter than Summers.)

Summers is a typical umpire. He isn't quite sure the job is permanent (umpiring turnover is high); he hoped for, but didn't expect, this one more Series assignment in his career; and he became an ump because "the umpire didn't show up." That phrase starts almost all umpirical biographies. Bill never played big-league baseball, in common with most of his colleagues, but he has a distinction none of them share. He never played baseball at all. He was an uninspired lightweight fighter around Woonsocket, R.I. 42 years ago when the ump didn't show up and somebody literally had to tell Bill the difference between a ball and

a strike and fair and foul. "I wasn't much of an umpire, at first," he explains, "but I could keep the peace. And that's an umpire's most important and toughest job."

Umpires travel in four-man teams, and the Summers team, named for its chief, was the subject of a recent study I made of umpires in action. His crew consisted of himself, Ed Hurley, Hank Sear and Ed Runge; and it was Runge's umpiring behind the plate—his most important assignment in his two years with the big leagues—that we were discussing. The White Sox had won a 9-8 squeaker in the 10th inning

continued on page 57

A DOGMATIC VETERAN. Bill Summers has worked in organized baseball for 35 years but never played the game himself, having started on a career as a lightweight fighter.



A CHAMPION PROVES HIS

Rocky Marciano has never met a cleverer, more determined and more dangerous opponent than Archie Moore. In hattering, wearing down and finally breaking his challenger, he firmly established himself as a man of incomparable virtues

IN 30 years of sitting near the fighters, I've seen some of the great natural matches—boxers in there with sluggers, punchers in there with defensive virtuosos, mean guys in there with boys you would gladly invite home for dinner. But Rocky Marciano and Archie Moore, in their memorable encounter for the championship of the world last week, provided a truly classic study in contrast. Their careers, their personalities, their backing, their styles of fighting were as sharply differentiated as mountains are from valleys, as water is from rock.

Contrast makes conflict and conflict makes drama, and the struggle at Yankee Stadium in the presence of a throat-tightened audience of 61,000 was a beautiful spectacle of pain and skill and endurance and disol courage and a resoluteness that makes champions and wins wars. The protagonists pitted against each other for the highest stakes in pugilism combined to make a nine-act play of violence that followed a tragic pattern. The Greeks would have understood the grim necessity of Marciano's triumph. And they would have wept for Moore, the oldest man ever to seek the laurels, who did almost everything he said he would do. Almost—therein lay his tragic flaw.

Before we review the battle, with its thrilling but inevitable ending, its moments of surprise and passion, let us quickly tick off the differences between champion and challenger that caught the imagination of the fans as have only two other rivalries, the Dempsey-Tunney and the Louis-Conn. Moore, as everyone knows, is a true master of self-defense, a science he has developed in 20 years of barnstorming. Marciano is the master of no defense, who moves in swinging punches like all the club fighters of all time, only more so. Moore is in the tradition of the tough colored middleweights, kept out of the big clubs, who roam the world in quest of eating money. Marciano's is the legend of the poor boy who hitchhikes to New York and strikes not gold but something of equivalent value in the person of Al Weill, later to be the Garden matchmaker. Weill was impressed by Rocky's strength, signed him to a contract and placed him in the knowing hands of old bantamweight Trainer Charley Goldman. Rocky delivered, and for the last five years he's been on the golden road (better known as the inside track), with every move thought out for him by one of the shrewdest and best-connected businessmen in boxing.

Archie, meanwhile, was fighting his

way into old age on \$300 purses in the tank towns. As if to shore up his confidence and his dignity, Archie is a boastful, somewhat over articulate man who, on the eve of the fight, could elaborate on the subject of Marciano's inability to hit him. Rocky, on the other hand, belying his aggressiveness inside the ropes, is a modest and soft-spoken fellow who will say without apology: "You know how awkward and clumsy I am," and who would much rather talk about his Red Sox or about his father in the shoe factory and the fabulous eating contests in his Italian neighborhood than about his powers or his intentions in the ring.

As they climbed through the ropes a week ago, their differences were vividly revealed in their appearances. Rocky wore a blue cloth robe trimmed in white. But Archie Moore was resplendent in a robe of black brocade trimmed in gold, with Louis XIV cuffs and a brilliant gold lining. No Othello was ever more lavishly costumed. Archie had come through ulcers and years of tough fights and poverty to reach this moment of glory in the hall park, and his manner seemed to say, I am going to dress and act the part. He glared across the ring at Marciano like some South Sea emperor

ARCHIE'S GREATEST MOMENT.



The chance for which Archie Moore had waited 20 years came in the second round when Marciano, throwing a hard right (1), left himself momentarily open (2). "The punch I hit him with,"

said Archie later, "was a kind of half uppercut (3). When Rocky fell (4) he was near the near neutral corner. I started to the farther corner and then saw that the other one was closer. I'm

GREATNESS

by BUDD SCHULBERG

staring down an unruly subject. But Rocky doesn't play those games, he just comes to fight; and Archie's evil eye played no part in the events that followed.

The delay before an epic fight is always tantalizing. Most of the spectators have been waiting for the fight all week, talking it up all day, betting it, masterminding it, until they have brought themselves to an exquisite peak of anticipation. The crowd is both festive and tense and so much resembles the Pierce Egan descriptions of bare-knuckle fight crowds that you know there is a consistent line of boxing enthusiasm up through the centuries. The impatient thousands cheer their old champions, Dempsey and Louis and Walker and Canzoneri, and then at last the ring is cleared and the two men are left alone to face the demands the night has in store for them. The significance of it presses on the crowd and it falls silent, grave. The stadium seems to hold its collective breath. Will Rocky, the 4-1 favorite, preserve his legend of invincibility? Can Archie Moore, the young old man of 38, make good his boast, "I'm a stylist, I can cope with any situation"?

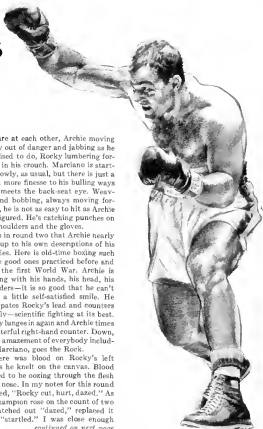
So we have come to one of the good, nerved-up moments in heavyweight history. The champions touch gloves

and are at each other, Archie moving nicely out of danger and jabbing as he promised to do, Rocky lumbering forward in his crouch. Marciano is starting slowly, as usual, but there is just a touch more finesse to his bulling ways than meets the back-seat eye. Weaving and bobbing, always moving forward, he is not as easy to hit as Archie had figured. He's catching punches on the shoulders and the gloves.

It's in round two that Archie nearly lives up to his own descriptions of his abilities. Here is old-time boxing such as the good ones practiced before and after the first World War. Archie is feinting with his hands, his head, his shoulders—it is so good that he can't resist a little self-satisfied smile. He anticipates Rocky's lead and counters sharply—scientific fighting at its best. Rocky lunges in again and Archie times a masterful right-hand counter. Down, to the amazement of everybody including Marciano, goes the Rock.

There was blood on Rocky's left eye as he knelt on the canvas. Blood seemed to be oozing through the flesh of his nose. In my notes for this round I jotted, "Rocky cut, hurt, dazed." As the champion rose on the count of two I scratched out "dazed," replaced it with "startled." I was close enough

continued on next page



in this corner (5) with my face looking at Rocky. The referee is between us. I'm watching him. I wanted to get the "cheat" on Rocky. The referee counts two and Rocky lets the ropes loose.

And then I tried to sneak up on Rocky. I threw a right. It missed by a fraction. That's the main thing. It missed by a fraction. If I had of hit him, I'd have surely knocked him for a loop."

A CHAMPION

continued from page 27

to the ring to see their eyes and again there was a study in contrast. When Rocky unexpectedly had dropped, a flush of excitement and self-satisfaction had made Archie's eyes bright. Now he was watching Rocky carefully, perhaps remembering Walcott's mistake in not following through after felling Rocky in the first round the night Rocky got up and won the championship. Archie had announced publicly that if ever he had Rocky on the floor he would not let the champion escape. "Once I have my man hurt I know how to finish him," he liked to boast. Rocky was hurt but he was barging in again. He looked both wary and determined beyond your ordinary man's determination. It was a look that promised trouble for Archie Moore, and yet the Marciano fans held their breaths and some later reported a feeling of pressure around their hearts because Rocky was clearly in need of recuperation and Archie was hurting him again with a wise selection of punches, stiff jabs, straight rights and a well-executed left uppercut. Marciano's body seemed to shudder but his eyes were sharply fixed on Archie and he kept coming in, landing a hard right to Archie's chin just before the bell ended a momentous round.

In years to come Archie may ask himself: "When I finally came to the moment I had been dreaming of for 29 years, what did I do wrong?" I think the answer is, nothing. The answer is that Rocky rose with his legs a little rubbery, but with his will to win challenged but unbending. Some unique power in him was refusing to lose, no matter how badly he might be out-boxed and out-hit. A boxing match is a test of will power, perhaps the supreme test; and in this vital department he excels any fighter I have ever seen.

In the next round we began to see the Marciano of the Walcott and Charles ordeals, a terrible figure immune to blood and pain, accepting hard blows casually, as if they were a trivial price to pay for the glory and wealth that ride with the title. Rocky was stalking Archie, missing three out of four but shaking the old campaigner when he landed. Archie Moore was employing all the skills he had accumulated and they were wonderful to watch. There were moments when he played with Rocky and made him look amateurish. That little smile would spread across his face as he slipped Marciano's blockbusters and countered with quick-handed combinations. But this round was a turning point, for it proved that no matter how brilliantly Archie boxed he could not stop the champion's forward progress. He could not prevent the champion from jarring him. The science of self-defense was inadequate to the problem of how to stop a human tank like Marciano from running over him.

It was a vicious Marciano that sprang forward in the fourth, a bare-knuckle throwback hurling at Archie's head a relentless stream of clumsily effective punches. Archie knows a dozen ways to avoid a punch, ducking, slipping, rolling with a punch, picking it off; and over and over again he would bring his right arm up just in time to block a clubbing left hook.

But to boxing's science we may now have to add the Marciano law of saturation. You may get out of the way of nine punches but the tenth will break through and find you. Marciano, wild and clumsy though he may be, is such a voluminous puncher that the cleverest of his opponents has to be hit and hurt every so often. Rocky wears his men down like a hydraulic drill attacking a boulder. But the challenger was an elusive target in the fifth round, making Rocky miss and peppering him with straight lefts, reminding the audi-

ence once more of his boxing superiority. He was making all the right moves and the champion, after two strong rounds, seemed to be floundering. "Keep boxing him, boy, you can take him," Featherweight Champion Sandy Saddler shouted to his stablemate as Moore moved back to his corner.

A BATTERED, BEATEN PUGILIST

When the sixth round started, it was still a close fight. When the round was over, after Marciano had punched from bell to bell as if he were working out on a heavy bag, it was no longer. Archie was a battered, beaten pugilist. He had been knocked down twice, one eye had been closed and the right side of his face was painfully swollen. His right arm was too weary to rise to the occasion of Rocky's vicious left hooks, and he had caught dozens of them as the champion turned on a demonstration of continuous punching that had to be seen to be believed. The Moore-Marciano fight may prove to the buffs that there is simply no defense for this kind of pressure. The tiring challenger rose gallantly to face his punishment. Only generous supplies of courage and defensive wisdom allowed him to stagger back to his corner. Oddly enough, Rocky was staggering too. Try punching a heavy bag for three minutes as fast as you can without stopping and you'll know why.

Archie Moore sagged onto his stool and there was Dr. Vincent Nardiello leaning over him, suggesting that the fight was over. But Archie is a prideful man. Pride was the only stake he had to hold on to through the frustration years. So he invoked it now, and asked for the privilege of being counted out. "Like a champion," he said. He did not want to be waved out of the ring on a doctor's certificate. And as if to prove his right to continue, he carried the fight to Marciano in the seventh with a series of slick combinations.

ROCKY'S GREATEST TRIUMPH



The blows that finished Archie Moore in the ninth round were swift, direct and merciless. An overhand right (1) landed on Moore's head. A solid left hook (2) followed it. Dazed but still

up, Moore protected against the expected right to follow. Instead came another left, squarely striking his unguarded side (3). Moore fell (4) and simply did not have the strength to rise again.

But the Rock is well-named, a discouraging man to fight, taking your best punches and then walking into you with both hands swinging. "He's a tank. A monster," people around me were saying. He knocked Archie down again but Referee Kessler ruled it a slip. It didn't matter. Archie could sneak-punch and flurry, and it was a brave thing to see, but the sick-and-look-of-defeat had begun to shadow his eyes.

The last four minutes of the fight provided a cruel, crescendoing coda. Marciano was a battering ram and old Archie was a crumpling wall. "How long can he stand that punishment?" was the only question remaining to be decided. A merciless right hook drove the battered challenger back to the canvas, where he was still squatting, an abject figure of defeat, when the harsh bell prolonged the ordeal by ending the round a bare four seconds before the count of 10.

A dying tiger, still dangerous in his final few seconds of life, Archie fought back in the ninth, but Rocky closed in, broadsiding ponderous rights and lefts until at last the remarkable middle-aged light-heavyweight champion slumped down in his own corner, exactly where his stool would have been at the end of the round, a fatally wounded animal crawling back to its lair. There he was counted out, conscious but with the will to fight on beaten out of him at last.

It is a humiliating experience to be knocked into a stupor in public, and it was interesting to see how quickly Archie Moore reassembled the blocks of his dignity. Putting aside his agony and disappointment, he strode into his dressing room like a dramatic star coming in after the final curtain call. "Gentlemen, I'll be with you in a minute," he said with a jauntiness that belied his appearance. Then he was back, standing on a table like the Chautauqua character he is, insisting that he enjoyed the fight. "I think Rocky enjoyed it," he added. "I hope the public enjoyed it too."

Rocky talks more plainly. He didn't enjoy the fight. He just wanted to win it, as he has every one of his 49 battles. The experts still fault him for his lack of finesse, but right now we see him, a year or two hence, as the only American heavyweight champion ever to retire without a defeat. The old-timers talk of Sullivan and Jeffries and Dempsey. We may have another such immortal slugger in our midst. Are we too close to his shortcomings to recognize his incomparable virtues? (C.M.B.)

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SOUTHWESTERN FOOTBALL

The conferences in the Southwest are a law unto themselves. Oklahoma, Rice, Houston and Texas Tech are favorites, but others can come through

by HERMAN HICKMAN

FROM the thud of the opening kickoff at "foreign" Fayetteville, where Texas Christian meets Arkansas on Saturday, until the last whistle blows at Houston and Fort Worth on November 26, nothing matters in the chauvinistic Southwest except the conference race. The teams are grouped closer than ever this year, with little chance of even the champion coming through unbeaten in conference play.

If there has to be a choice, Rice and Southern Methodist get the call: Rice with its exceptional quarterbacks and an excellent first line; SMU with its pro-sized line and backfield. Texas Christian is a solid dark horse and its 32-0 victory Saturday over Texas Tech should dispel any tendency to complacency among the favorites. Baylor's explosive offense will be backed by a stable defense. But this is all a kind of whistling in the dark. It seems only fair to remind the gullible of what happened to Arkansas last season. If ever a team was picked to roll over and die, the Razorbacks were. They declined

the invitation and wound up in the Cotton Bowl. So shake up the hat and roll out the finish.

The Big Seven is faced with its usual perplexing problem: who will finish second? It has been eight years and 47 games since the University of Oklahoma last lost a conference game and this season's edition is up to snuff. The race for runner-up should teeter-totter between Colorado and Missouri.

Elsewhere in the wide Southwest the teams to watch are Houston in the ubiquitous Missouri Valley Conference and Texas Tech from the Border Conference. The latter, with one of the strongest first teams, could be among the region's top eleven.

SOUTHWEST CONFERENCE

Rice. Coach Jess Neely's 23th season as a head coach at a major college could well be a happy one. The line, led by Tackle Eddie Rayburn, is brick-solid. All-America Dick Moegle is certain to be missed among the backs but Sophomore Virgil Mutschink is said to

be a reasonable facsimile. The real news is at quarter where Sophomore King Hill scored two touchdowns and kicked two extra points as the Owls downed Alabama 20-0.

Southern Methodist. I was much impressed with the size and speed of the Mustangs at a practice session several weeks ago in Dallas. There is supposed to be a weakness at ends and quarterback. Maybe there is, but Tackle Forrest Gregg lends a gargantuan line. The backfield is impressive. The Mustangs lost to Notre Dame 17-0, but that is no disgrace. Georgia Tech comes Saturday, then Missouri, but THE schedule opens with Rice on the 15th.

Texas Christian. Perhaps I rate TCU too high but they looked like the real thing against Texas Tech. Only five lettermen are missing from a so-so 1954 team. Hugh Pitts is one of the outstanding centers in a year of great centers. Jimmy Swink is an all-the-way runner at halfback and Charles Curtis, with a year's experience, will be a much improved quarterback.

Baylor. George Sauer's offensive hopes were dimmed considerably when his ill-fated but brilliant quarterback, Doyle Traylor, fractured an ankle. However, the great Delbert Shofner is still at one halfback position and dangerous Weldon Holley is at the other. End Henry Greminger, an all-SWC last season, heads a competent line.

Texas. The Longhorns are spoiling to make up for last year's bad season but the road is long and hard. A disappointing 20-14 loss to Texas Tech in the opener won't be assuaged by the 35-21 win over weak Tulane Saturday. Texas does have two fine backs. Sophomore Quarterback Walter Fondren has been likened to Doak Walker, which is saying a mouthful; and Delano Womack was one of the league's best ball carriers for two years.

Arkansas. All is new at Fayetteville except for 23 returning letter winners from last season's surprise championship squad. Coach Bowden Wyatt, now



OKLAHOMA SOPHOMORE Thomas is shifty halfback Bonners depend on in '55.



TEXAS SOPH Fondren is hot prospect who is compared to great Doak Walker.

back at Tennessee, is replaced by Jackie Mitchell, no moss gatherer himself (five jobs in seven years) and winner of the Missouri Valley championship at Wichita last year. Basic material is here but the big problem is conversion from single wing to Mitchell's "pigeon-toed" split-T in which the halfbacks face each other instead of straight ahead. The idea is to give them faster speed running to the opposite flank. The Razorbacks beat Tulsa 21-6 and Saturday took Oklahoma A&M 21-0.

Texas A&M. The Aggies are predominantly sophomores and Coach Bear Bryant will have his bumps before his young aquad fires up for the conference games. But, says Bryant: "Our varsity staff last year worked with the freshmen 75% of the time and the sophomores should be more experienced than most first-year men." John Crow, a 200-pound fledgling half, is stamped for greatness. Two other fine prospects are Ed Dudley and Kenneth Hall. The Aggies, losers to UCLA in the opener, bounced back with a vengeance against Louisiana State 28-0. They look good.

THE BIG SEVEN

Oklahoma. The Sooners lost two All-Americans from last season's squad but that has become a calculated loss each year. More are coming on. This year's crop: Bo Bolinger, guard; Jerry Tubbs, center; Jimmy Harris, quarterback; and Halfback Bob Burris. Champions again and New Year's will find them by the orange-blue waters of Biscayne Bay, Miami.

Colorado. Gone from Boulder are two first-rate halfbacks, Carroll Hardy and Frank Bernardi. If Tailback Homer Jenkins' knee stands up after an operation he should do a splendid job in Dallas Ward's single-wing offense. The Golden Buffaloes are good.

Missouri. Don Faurot's young team pressed Maryland to the limit two Saturdays ago. Unfortunately, taking on Michigan last week proved too much of a dose. The 42-7 loss, however, could be misleading. "We can be quite a bit tougher," Faurot allows, and the patron saint of the split-T, who always does a workmanlike job, might be right. **Kansas State.** Although upset by Wyoming in the opener and beaten soundly by Iowa 28-7, State is still a good team in lower-powered competition, if it is shy on backfield speed.

Nebraska. Runner-up last year, Nebraska opened this glorious season with an astonishing 6-0 loss to Hawaii and a totally unexpected show of strength against Ohio State before going down 28-20. The conference race begins with

Kansas State Saturday, which should decide fourth place.

Iowa State. Coach Di Francesca has a young team but much improved by greater depth, more size and speed. **Kansas.** The situation at "bleeding" Kansas looked desperate before the season started but the leaky defense of last year (allowing 377 points and 4,005 yards total offense) seems less porous now after the 13-0 win over Washington State.

MIDWEST VALLEY CONFERENCE

Houston should supplant Wichita as the champions of this far-flung league. Oilman Hugh Roy Cullen's Cougars are a coming ball team even on the national scene. **Oklahoma A&M,** under new coach Cliff Speegle, should furnish Houston its stiffest opposition with Aggie Earl Lunsford, fullback and top rusher and leading scorer in the conference last year, leading the way. Defending champion Wichita has a crew of 21 tested and true sons back, including a passel of fine backs, but three all-conference linemen have graduated and that will be the difference. A majority at the **University of Detroit** are sophomores and at least a year or two away. Rumor has it that a fine group of freshmen has been gathered into the fold at **Tulsa** but the recruits can't help Coach Bobby Dobbs this year.

BORDER CONFERENCE

There is a strong suspicion that domination of the Border Conference by **Texas Tech** is becoming a permanent state of affairs. Tech has won the conference title six out of the last eight years and this season was after bigger game following its Texas victory before overreaching itself against TCU. I have watched Jerry Walker since his freshman year and there is no better tackle extant. Almost as good is Quarterback Jack Kirkpatrick.

Closest conference competition should come from **Texas Western** and **Arizona** where national rushing leader and scoring champion Art Luppino returns at tailback. **Arizona State** is a question mark but Fullback Bobby Sedlar and Tackle John Jankens are fine indeed. **Hardin-Simmons,** with the great Sammy Baugh serving his first year as head coach, understandably enough has an outstanding passing quarterback, Kenneth Ford. **West Texas State** presents a good passing trio in Quarterback Bubba Hillman and Ends Bobby Covington and Dub Cleveland. **New Mexico A&M** is still rebuilding. (END)

HICKMAN'S HUNCHES

for

Games of Saturday, Oct. 1

* **Wisconsin vs. Iowa.** Two Titans tangle at Madison. Wisconsin has winning ways, but missing is Amehche. **IOWA.**

* **Army vs. Penn State.** Nittany Lions, supposedly strong, routed a good Boston U. team Saturday 35-0. Could be a corker against careening cadets if eyes are set toward Kramer and Michigan. Still . . . **ARMY.**

* **Baylor vs. Maryland.** Tatum's "Terrible Terps," having disposed of West Coast Bruins, safari to Waco for a shot at the Bears. Baylor could ambush. But . . . **MARYLAND.**

* **Southern Cal. vs. Texas** (Friday night). Trojans with two conference wins under their belt grow taller each outing. Longhorns in and out. *Out here.* **SOUTHERN CAL.**

* **Arkansas vs. Texas Christian.** The new "pigeon-toed" look at Arkansas will not have enough fire power to fight off the Improved Horned Frogs. **TCU.**

* **Michigan vs. Michigan State.** Battle of the multiple offenses, as the not so "green" Spartans, fresh from an easy victory over Indiana, invade Ann Arbor. **MICHIGAN.**

* **Oklahoma vs. Pittsburgh.** The Sooners, sluggish in their 13-6 win over North Carolina, don't have two bad weeks in a row. **OKLAHOMA.**

* **Stanford vs. Ohio State.** The Buckeyes received surprisingly strong opposition from about-face Nebraska but Hopalong Cassidy will ride roughshod again. **OHIO STATE.**

* **Notre Dame vs. Indiana.** Notre Dame decisively defeated a luckless SMU team 17-0 and everything seems natural once again. **NOTRE DAME.**

* **Princeton vs. Columbia.** Princeton's powerful and tricky single wing is too much, even for crafty Lou Little's Lions. **PRINCETON.**

ALSO:

Georgia Tech over **SMU**

Yale over **Brown**

Colorado over **Kansas**

Cornell over **Colgate**

Purdue over **Minnesota**

Washington over **Oregon**

Rice over **LSU**

Duke over **Tennessee**

Wyoming over **Utah State**

UCLA over **Washington State**

Navy over **South Carolina**

California over **Penn**

Illinois over **Iowa State**

North Carolina over **N.C. State**

Kentucky over **Villanova**

Last week's records:
29 right, 5 wrong, 0 ties
Record to date: 39 19 1

PRO FOOTBALL

by NORMAN NICHOLSON

DOAK WALKER IS A SMALL MAN
AMONG THE GIANT PROS BUT HIS
REMARKABLE RECORD AFTER FIVE
YEARS STANDS UP WITH THE BEST

PRO FOOTBALL," a press box reporter observed during a San Francisco 49er-Detroit Lions game last year, "is getting like atomic war. There are no winners, only survivors."

This week, the 36th National Football League season got under way minus many stars who hadn't survived even the hazards of the exhibition games. Out of the lineups with injuries were Charley Trippi of the Cards, Pat Brady of the Steelers, Buddy Young of the Colts, Skeets Quinlan and Don Paul of the Rams, Al Carmichael of the Packers and four of the Lions' regulars: Doak Walker (except for kicking chores), Hunchy Hoerschemeyer, Harley Sewell and Dick Stanfel. The injuries were so well divided around the league that, save for the Lions, they probably didn't amount to much as far as the games were concerned.

There is little doubt that the results of the openers in past years would have been classed as upsets. Actually it is a case of the old pro theory of equitable distribution of the riches finally bearing fruit. The NFL teams are so closely matched that it will be weeks before any pattern of supremacy emerges from the murky melee of warring lines, split-Ts and looping de-

fenses. At any rate, except for the Philadelphia Eagles, 27-17 victors over the Giants Saturday night and best of the exhibition teams with six straight wins, all the forces which were supposed to be shaded were out on top. Washington beat the world champion Browns 27-17; Baltimore, the Bears 23-17; Los Angeles, the 49ers 23-14; and Green Bay edged Detroit 20-17 in a series of remarkably close games.

The full-time presence of Doak Walker in the Detroit Lions lineup might have cast a different complexion on the Green Bay game. After it was over, Coach Buddy Parker snapped, "Absolutely not," at reporters, but it is hard to imagine that the absence of a performer of Walker's stature, along with the offensive guards, Sewell and Stanfel, and the breakaway Hoerschemeyer, did not have an appreciable effect on the final outcome—decided, by the way, on a sensational pass, Tobin Rote to Gary Knefelc, in the last 20 seconds. Walker is a marvelous, natural running back who has been just about the most effective operator in the NFL the past five years.

An All-America at SMU who enjoyed some of the most stunning publicity ever tendered an undergraduate, the Doaker became a professional and

survived his notices. In his first year he scored 128 points, only 10 short of Don Hutson's record. A small man (he was 5 foot 10, 170 pounds and hasn't added anything since), Walker felt like a midget on a team that spotted Les Bingaman, the defensive guard who weighed in at 350 pounds, and a defensive line averaging 245 pounds. "Everybody looked so big," he recalled, "I felt smaller than I was."

Whatever he felt, it was inevitable that the opposition would view him differently. In his five years Walker carried the ball 286 times for a remarkable average of five yards a try. He caught 130 passes, averaging 16½ yards each, and scored 438 points.

This spring Walker thought seriously of retiring. A peddler's variety of business enterprises in Dallas beckoned, but it was also true that the Lions' famous line was aging along with the Doaker. The game for them this year is going to be a little harder and for Walker maybe a little more unhealthy. Not that Walker fears anything. "If you're scared you have no business in the game," he said not long ago when he denied vehemently that pro ball had gotten dirty. "It has to be rough," he said, "and that's the way we want it."

"Last year," Walker admitted, "was rougher. More fellows got injuries that were done on purpose. But in any year there are only three or four guys who have a brutal reputation. Once in a while there's a shady, off-color guy, but he doesn't last long."

SELF-INFLICTED WOUND

Walker has been hurt seriously only once, in 1952, and that resulted from a slip in the open field when he tore a muscle. He doesn't know why he has been so lucky nor does he worry. "I don't ever think of survival. When you are on the field you are just too busy for that. Slowing up can be fatal, but speed isn't the answer. I'd like to think the good Lord is taking care of me."

The new injury is a pulled hamstring tendon in his left leg which Walker got two weeks ago in an exhibition game. Even hobbled he managed to score five points, although he was in for only five plays against Green Bay. That's why Detroit wants to keep the little man around, but the bad leg might in the end be decisive in persuading Walker to make good his decision to quit after this year. "You know," he says, "a linebacker can't be the politest man in town." With perfect decorum, the Doaker may get out of the man's way entirely. (END)



"You too! Red dot!"

BASEBALL

LEO DUROCHER IS NO LONGER MANAGER OF THE GIANTS. LAST SUNDAY HIS CAREER CAME TO A NORMAL, SPECTACULAR CLOSE

by ROBERT CREAMER

BILL RIGNEY had been Leo Durocher's heir apparent since 1954 when he ended his quiet major league career (eight years of journeyman infielding for the New York Giants; a .259 lifetime average) to become the manager of the minor league Minneapolis Millers. The fine job he did there this year strengthened the feeling that he would be the one to succeed Leo.

Despite travail and frustration that might have felled a lesser man, he led his team through a spectacular season. He got them off to a fast start and took a firm grip on first place. But the parent Giants, off to a slow start, took a firm grip on some of Rigney's best players and brought them up to reinforce New York's roster. Injuries compounded the felony and the Millers tripped, stumbled and fell to fifth place in mid-season. Then the Giants gave Rigney Monte Irvin. The Millers rallied round, ran off 15 straight to move back to first place and raced on to win the pennant by eight full games and swept past the postseason playoffs and into the Little World Series.

This success, coupled with the widely held belief that Durocher was through, fed the rumors, but not even Rigney knew that this time rumor was fact until Horace Stoneham called Saturday.

"Bill," said Stoneham, "Leo is retiring from baseball. We'd like you to take his place as manager of the Giants. Do you want to be manager?"

"I don't remember what I said," Rigney laughed later, "but I guess I said yes, because I got the job."

THE DEPARTURE

At the Polo Grounds the mood was not one of mourning, nor did Leo Durocher seem to want it so. He was chipper and bright on this, his last day in the major leagues.

He spent some time talking to his coaches, Fred Fitzsimmons and Herman Franks. He asked Eddie Logan, the clubhouse man, to pack certain
continued on page 58

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HORSES

by WHITNEY TOWER

MAX HIRSCH AND HIGH GUN, AN OLD WINNING COMBINATION, LAST WEEK TEAMED UP TO BEAT MR. FITZ AND NASHUA IN THE SYSONBY

WITHIN the ranks of American thoroughbred race horse trainers no man enjoys more solid respect than 74-year-old Max Hirsch, whose largest client for quite a few years has been Robert Kleberg, the owner of the great King Ranch in Texas. Around the barns they tell a story about this kindly gentleman which illustrates just what a shrewd judge of horseflesh—and what a skillful trainer—Bob Kleberg has working for him. Six months before the 1954 running of the Belmont Stakes, a period when many knowing observers were ready to concede the 3-year-old championship to Porterhouse or Turn-to, a turf-writing acquaintance dropped in on Hirsch at his winter training quarters in Columbia, S.C. During the course of the visit Max Hirsch learned that his guest expected to become a first-time father some time during the approaching summer. What, inquired Hirsch, might the baby be named?

"If it's a girl I think Margaret would be nice," replied the visitor. "If it's

a boy we might name him for the Belmont winner. What do you think of the name Porterhouse?"

"No," answered Max Hirsch. "I've got a better one. The name is High Gun."

There are two sequels to the story. One is that Max Hirsch's winter caller later became the father of a daughter. The other is that High Gun (a brown colt by Heliopolis out of Rocket Gun), personally selected by Hirsch and purchased for the King Ranch from the 1952 Keeneland yearling sales for \$10,200, not only won the Belmont Stakes of 1954 but also was crowned champion of the 3-year-olds. Along the way to the title High Gun passed three fall tests required of a 3-year-old aspiring to any sort of lasting prominence: he took on—and licked—older horses in the Sysonby, the Manhattan Handicap and the Jockey Club Gold Cup.

Last Saturday, after six starts this year (including victories in both the Metropolitan and Brooklyn Hand-

caps), High Gun came back to Belmont to try and become the second horse ever to win the Sysonby twice. But conditions had changed a lot in a year. The stake had been lengthened a furlong from its original distance of a mile—and enriched to the \$100,000-added category as part of a smart Belmont Park lure to attract the best 3-year-olds and older horses in training. The lure worked perfectly, for when the entry box closed it contained the names of three of the top 4-year-olds to be found: High Gun, Heliocope and Jet Action. The 6-year-old Mr. Turf was there, too, although nobody seems to know quite why. And over from Aqueduct to challenge the bunch of them came the 3-year-old champion—Nashua, pride of the Belair Stud and hero of the match race victory over Swaps. Under weight-for-age conditions, Nashua was in with 121 pounds, the rest with 126.

"BROTHER, WATCH OUT!"

It was wet and humid at Belmont last Saturday. The track was officially listed as sloppy. In the paddock most of the attention was focused directly on Nashua. A wag behind the fence yelled at Arcaro, "He's a hell of a 3-year-old, Eddie, but, brother, watch out today!" A trainer watching the horses leave for the post parade looked hard at the sight before him—Arcaro on Nashua, Eric Guerin on Heliocope, Willie Boland on High Gun, Hedley Woodhouse (subbing for a grounded Willie Shoemaker) on Jet Action and Ted Atkinson on Mr. Turf—and exclaimed, "This has got to be a jock's race. How could anyone tell riders like these what to do?"

But Max Hirsch had told Willie Boland what to do: "I figure there will be plenty of early speed from the other four," said the trainer. "Don't go with them. Lay back until you have to go. Then go."

Max Hirsch had his opposition figured right. From the break all but High Gun lit off with rocket speed, and down the backstretch the quartet resembled a four-horse chariot team. There was no chariot behind them—just High Gun and Willie Boland, eight lengths away. With timing so perfect that it later drew homage from his rival jockeys, Willie, starting around the final turn, put away one leader after another and climaxed one of the year's most memorable races by nailing Jet Action, as the riders put it, "a few jumps from the money." Nashua, for the first time in 19 starts worse than second, was third. **END.**



"Harley just insists those are the stalogmiles up there."

FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

COMPILED BY ED ZERN

SO—season opened (or opens); **SC**—season closed (or closes); **C**—clear water; **D**—water dirty or roily; **M**—water muddy; **N**—water at normal height; **SH**—slightly high; **H**—high; **VH**—very high; **L**—low; **R**—rising; **F**—falling; **WT50**—water temperature 50°; **FG**—fishing good; **FF**—fishing fair; **FP**—fishing poor; **OG**—outlook good; **OF**—outlook fair; **OP**—outlook poor

MUSKELLUNGE: NEW YORK: Night fishing with live bait is starting to get worthwhile results in Chautauque Lake, but trolls are still taking good muskies (such as Eric Anderson's 36-pound 36-incher from Sherman's Bay last week); **OG**; In Cape Vincent section of St. Lawrence River muskie hunter reported was Melvin Hall's 14-pound 36-inch monster hooked while Hall was casting a small spoon for pike; **OG** in all St. Lawrence musky waters.

OUTLOOK: **FG** and **OVG** in most musky haunts, but west arm of Lake Nipissing seems hottest spot, with many catches in 30-pound class reliably reported; several off islands at mouth of Sturgeon River.

PENNSYLVANIA: Two better-than-30-pounders in Conestoga Lake could resist in skipjack along edge of weed beds last week; **OVG** these cooler nights.

MINNESOTA: Musky fishing was lousy last week, says pin-spoken angler, and **OP** as winds howl and mercury dives.

WISCONSIN: Despite fairly warm weather, musky fishing proved up last week and outlook is **VG** with prospect of cooler nights. In Bayward area best waters are Chippewa River, Sugar, Round and Courtois lakes, with several muskies in 30-pound class reported; strong winds in southern part of state better lakes in this section. In Eagle River area muskies were doing a lot of following and not much taking last week; **OVG**; In Rhineland area, Virgin Lake was producing small fish on bucktails; **OF**.

TROUT: MINNESOTA: **FP**, **OP** in streams along Lake Superior north shore as fall-running rainbows decline to play back with anglers. Weather, maybe.

BRITISH COLUMBIA: Interior lakes now producing beautifully, with Pool and Puntzen yielding limit catches to 6 pounds on artificial nymphs; Petseph and Leptene also hot, with some large trout coming to the fly. Harvest cutthroats haven't appeared in strength yet; in general, **OG**.

COLORADO: There's snow in the mountains, and high-country trout are moving into the west, quest pools. On the Crystal River that flows near his Carlsbad home, 13-year-old Lew Thompson watched a group of fishing-enthusiast winches whip the waters to a froth; when they took a 3-pound rainbow. Lew hurried home, borrowed his father's fly rod and came back to join them. They'd left, but Lew cast a Pink Lady into an eddy, got a hard strike, 20 minutes later landed a 3-pound 15-ounce rainbow, took it home to help explain how the rod tip got broken. In general, Colorado troutling is terrific, with nearly all streams low and clear, and rainbows, browns and native smacking dry fly with alacrity during midday hours. High lakes that haven't yet frozen are producing limit of limiters, especially in Grand Mesa area. Colorado River (near Glenwood) **FG**, **N**, **SD**; **FG**, **OG** (near Kremmling); **L**, **C**, **FG**, **OVG**; Snake River **L**, **C**; **FG**, **OVG**; Gunnison River **L**, **C**, **FG**, **OG**; Yampa, Michigan and South Platte rivers **L**, **C**, **FG**, **OVG**.

CALIFORNIA: 25-pound rainbow rumored taken from Owens River (near Bishop) as a salmon shipped to Bishop is plant by playful resident vacationing at Smith River. No hoax are big (to 7 pounds) spawning browns now starting up Owens River. On west slope of Sierra, northern area, best lakes are West Branch of Feather River, North and Middle forks of Stanislaus, Pitt River tributaries, South Fork of the Yuba, and upper waters of the Kern, Mendocino and Kern rivers.

MICHIGAN: Manistee River below Tippy and Sturgeon River below Wolverine produced

steadily last week as fall run of rainbow surged upstream to spawning beds, and **OG**.

IDAHO: In eastern part of state, Coffee Pot Rapids on Snake River was hot spot last week with trout taking fly or bait, and **OG**; Island Park Reservoir and Henry's Lake after fairly hot action to trout. In northern Idaho, fly in Pond Oreille Lake for Klamloops, with few trophy fish reported; **OF**. In south and central areas, **FG** on Middle and South forks of Boise River as rain dampened the harvest; No. 12 Mc Ginty fly was best fly for this area. Silver Creek closed and all of Owyhee County closed except Snake River.

WASHINGTON: Sea-run cutthroats offering grand sport in Grays, Tilton, Cowish, Hungah, Duwamish, Stillacoom and Dickey rivers, but approach of hunting season (Oct. 9) has insured pressure on waters. In general, this is best time of year for Washington fresh-water fishing, and **OVG** in almost all trout lakes and streams.

MONTANA: Cold weather arrived in Montana last week, and fly-fishing is at peak in most streams, Big Hole River often sensational sport on dry fly after so-so summer. Cold spell will be followed by Indian summer and even better fly-fishing, provides sky.

ONTARIO: **SC**, **OG**, 12 but until then the upper Deschamps River should provide good sport and some outsize browns and rainbows with flies or spinners.

NEW MEXICO: Upper Rio Grande **N**, **C**, **FG** with large white and gray weedy worms and flies, and **OG**; Red and Cimarron rivers **FP**, **OG**.

STRIPED BASS: NEW YORK: Veterans sail fishermen are taking strippers from 15 to 45 pounds on south side of Montauk Point from lighthouses to Ditch Plains on plugs, but only at night; 30 fly reports muller are in surf, says daylight fishing should be fair to good by latter part of October.

CALIFORNIA: Eastern San Pablo Bay and Napa River started coming to life last week, and outlook is good; Frank's Tract is fairly hot but bass are small; **OG** for big bass in Carquinez Strait near Antioch Bridge.

MASSACHUSETTS: Fishing spotty at all Cape spots last week, with fairer of last action at Nahant Beach, Scituate, Plum Island and Martha's Vineyard beaches; **OF**/**F**.

NEW JERSEY: Best surf fishing in 10 years is reported in Long Beach sector with Bradley Beach and Ocean Grove also fairly hot; frequent catches of over-30-pounders reported. Most of larger fish are taken on rigged sole but plugs work too **OG** through Oct. 10.

ATLANTIC SALMON: NEW BRUNSWICK: **SC**, Sept. 30 on St. John and Nashua rivers, but **OG** for late-closing Cobe and Tabernash rivers; where late runs are reported to be heavy. In general, outlook is good.

NOVA SCOTIA: **SC**, Sept. 30.

BLACK BASS: MINNISCOTT: Black River **C**, **L**, most fishermen limiting, with fish averaging 15 pounds, pouring in last week; **OG**. Current River **N**, **C**, **FG** with plugs, **OG**.

TENNESSEE: "Anybody lives near Tennessee and doesn't fish here, he's crazy," says enthusiastic angler, reporting 95-pound brook trout from Center Hill Reservoir (by nonracy Malcolm Jones) on Hickory, Tenn., 65-pound smallmouth from same water (by Ann Fox, Cookeville, Tenn., who took 16-pound walleye same day). At Kentucky Lake, cooling surface waters and lower level have resulted in improved fishing, with several smallmouths in 5-pound class

reported last week and **OG**. And at Port Leaud Lake last week, Larry Hobbs' dog perched up ears at splashing mouse near docks, went to investigate, came back with 3 1/2-pound smallmouth retrieved from shallows, plus 2-pound shad stuck in bob's shrimp. Watts Bar and Norris lakes improving and **OF**/**FG**.

MINNESOTA: Lapeer-mouth bass are biting hungrily in Spider Lake (Grand Rapids), Iron and Boulder lakes (Park Rapids) and Maple Lake (Alexandria). Smallmouth active in Blackwood Lake at Rye, and in Mississippi River from town of Elk River down to and within Minneapolis city limits.

FLORIDA: In central part of state Lake Levy now Helms City is producing well on plugs and artificial sole, fished deep. In NW Florida, Lakes Jackson and Talquin report **FG** with top-water plug. It goes to show you.

MICHIGAN: Smallmouth bass fishing is excellent in most waters of state, but say anglers unable to concentrate on casting as flocks of teal fly overhead and migratory bird SO Oct. 1.

PENNSYLVANIA: **FG** in most central Pennsylvania waters, with best spots near Turnpike Bridge on Susquehanna, at Camp Hill on the Conocoqueet and at Newport on the Juniata. Smaller streams near Harrisburg, SD, but should be clear; few, biggest fish were taken on "hotter" and biggame, but medium-deep plugs should do well in river eddies.

BLUEFISH: MASSACHUSETTS: Blues to 9 pounds were almost everywhere on south side of Cape and were being trolled fasten credibly; **FG** at Martha's Vineyard, with Squamaket and Chappaquiddick beaches hottest spots.

NEW JERSEY: Offshore fishing was still very good last week for mixed weights (15 to 25 pounds) on the Shrewsbury Rocks and 17-Paterson Bank off the north Jersey coast, and outlook is good for next 10 days. Surf fishing was good last week on the stretch from Orley Beach through Island Beach, with most of surf-caught fish taken on mullet bait, with the north Jersey version of the "doublehook" a favored lure. This is a cork-body arrangement that floats the bait above the sand bottom, presumably so fish can see it better.)

FLORIDA: Miami agent says bluefish fun is about to begin and predicts red-hot surf action by Oct. 15 as warm water up through Biscayne Bay and along coast from

PACIFIC SALMON: BRITISH COLUMBIA: A few trout have been taken at Alsea and Nungah, but the rivers are about to come into their own, with the big fish down from the north increasing numbers. Limit catches are now common at Cape Mudge, Shelter Point, Smithton and Duncan Bay (all near Campbell River on Vancouver Island). At Comox, Parkville and Qualicum **FG**, **OG**. Cowichan Bay is hot and getting better with fish to 22 pounds. In general, **OVG**.

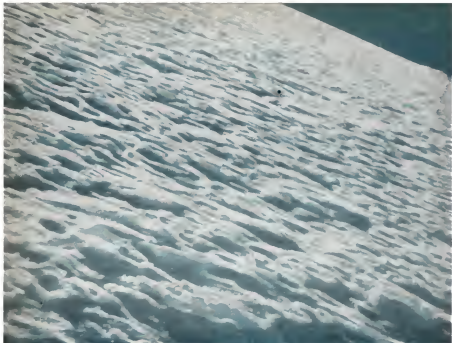
CALIFORNIA: Bases quit on fishing all over, with Klamath, Trinity, Est rivers and waters of Golden Gate in vicinity of Shasta Ranch and Muir Beach especially notable for improvement and near-as-plug. For Chinook (40 to 50 pounds) in Delta, Del Norte, Eureka and Humboldt with trolling off Marin coast, **OG**.

WASHINGTON: Fishing activity falling off as hunting season approaches, but good sport still available. **FG** and **OG** at Westport, with kings and cutthroats in Puget Sound. In Puget Sound, 30-to-50-pound class reported. Le Puck is spotty and **OF**. Neah Bay and Sekin **FG**, **OG** for silvers and a sprinkling of big kings. Port Angeles **FG** and **OG** for silver salmon (to 16 pounds) on big plugs. In Puget Sound, Short River hot for silvers and humpies. Lower Puget Sound waters from Seattle south **FG** and **OG** except Point Defiance, where **FG**, **OG** for kings to 25 pounds on trolling big-headed herring. Expected run of silvers hasn't materialized in Hood Canal at press time but may be in now.

OREGON: Coastal salmon fishing only fair and **OP** until heavy rains raise streams.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

1—Larry Cook; 4—Bill Young; 12, 13—drawings by Aves; 29, 27—top, Harold Tishon photo by James Cavallaro; bottom, Ron Farris; 30—top, 36—38—fly fishing photo by Bill Young; 39—top, 40—top, 41—top, 42—top, 43—top, 44—top, 45—top, 46—top, 47—top, 48—top, 49—top, 50—top, 51—top, 52—top, 53—top, 54—top, 55—top, 56—top, 57—top, 58—top, 59—top, 60—top, 61—top, 62—top, 63—top, 64—top, 65—top, 66—top, 67—top, 68—top, 69—top, 70—top, 71—top, 72—top, 73—top, 74—top, 75—top, 76—top, 77—top, 78—top, 79—top, 80—top, 81—top, 82—top, 83—top, 84—top, 85—top, 86—top, 87—top, 88—top, 89—top, 90—top, 91—top, 92—top, 93—top, 94—top, 95—top, 96—top, 97—top, 98—top, 99—top, 100—top.



THE CONQUEST OF

For nearly 50 years mountaineers of many nations tried in vain to climb "the most difficult and dangerous mountain in the world." This

WHEN SIR JOHN HUNT returned from his conquest of Everest in 1953, reporters asked, "What next?" "Kanchenjunga," he replied without a moment's hesitation. "There is no doubt that those who first climb Kanchenjunga will achieve the greatest feat in mountaineering. For it is a mountain which combines in its defenses not only the severe handicaps of wind, weather and very high altitude, but technical climbing problems and objective dangers of an order even higher than those we encountered on Everest."

Kanchenjunga, the third highest mountain in the world, is the showplace of the Himalayas, and no one who has viewed its five saw-tooth summits from Darjeeling, just 46 miles away, can ever forget the sight. Rose-colored at dawn, stark white in sunshine, cold and forbidding at dusk, its great mass, only 850 feet short of Everest's supreme height, fills the northwestern horizon and seems to float above the haze and darkness of the jungle valleys below.

Tourists are not alone in awful admiration. The Sikimese, in whose country the entire east face lies, accord Kang-chen-dzö-nga—"The Five Sacred Treasures of the Snow"—the reverence given to a god. They devoutly believe that the highest summit, 28,146 feet above sea level, is the home of their protective deity.

To mountain climbers, Kanchenjunga stands as "the most difficult and most dangerous mountain in the world." For 50 years, climbers have challenged its savage slopes, constantly swept by avalanches, and have found them utterly unassailable. Indeed, many believed this beautiful mountain too terrible to scale.

In 1899, the first man to circumvent the base concluded, "It is guarded by the Demon of Inaccessibility . . . for the express purpose of defense against human assault, so skillfully is each comparatively weak spot raked by ice and snow batteries." In 1905, a Swiss expedition was hurled back by an avalanche which killed one climber and three



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALPINE CLUB & ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY OF GREAT BRITAIN

KANCHENJUNGA

is the story of how a nine-man British expedition finally succeeded. It is told by one of the four who reached the top

by **GEORGE C. BAND**

porters. In 1929, E. F. Farmer, an American, abandoned by his porters, set out alone and was never again seen. In 1929 and 1931, two Bavarian parties fought to within 2,500 feet of the summit only to be whipped by blizzards and routed by avalanches. And in 1930, an international expedition barely got started when millions of tons of ice, rock and snow plummeted down the mountain, killing one porter and nearly wiping out the rest of the party. In all, 11 parties had visited the mountain. Eight men had died upon it.

Kanchenjunga remained unchallenged for the next 20 years until Gilmour Lewis and John Kempe, after exploring the little-known area beneath the southwest face, came away convinced that from this approach the summit might "go." In 1954, a lightly equipped team of six climbers led by Kempe pushed the reconnaissance to 19,000 feet.

More intimate knowledge of the upper part of the mountain was needed, however, before a full-scale attempt could be made. A joint committee of the Alpine Club and the

Royal Geographical Society—Sir John Hunt was the chairman—recommended a "reconnaissance in force." Thus was our expedition born.

Now, after months of preparation and a rugged 100-mile march, we stood face to face with the giant. Nine men: our leader, Dr. Charles Evans, a surgeon by profession and deputy leader of the victorious Everest expedition; Norman Hardie, a skilled ice climber and second in command; Joe Brown, a Manchester builder and weekend climber; Dr. John Clegg, expedition physician; John Jackson, a Yorkshire schoolteacher; Neil Mather, a textile technologist and snow-and-ice specialist; Tom Mackinnon, a Glasgow pharmacist with considerable Himalayan experience; Tony Stretcher, a regular army captain and member of two previous major climbs, and finally myself, companion of Evans on Everest.

Ranged in an enormous circle around us was a fantastic

continued on next page



Ice-crusted climbers wearily trudge into camp after battling 50-mph winds and zero temperature during an eight-hour reconnaissance



During lull before the attack, Evans (left) greases boots with oil from sardine can. Mackinnon (center) takes bath in melted snow—his last for 10 weeks—and Brown (right) learns to cut hair. Streater (opposite) models his high-altitude rayon underwear for fit





In warmth of mess tent, group relaxes and listens to radio. Instead of concentrated rations, each climber ate what he liked—ham, cheese or tongue



After raging blizzard which trapped party in tents at 23,500 feet for 60 hours, men dig away heavy drifts of wind-driven snow which threaten to collapse shelter

KANCHENJUNGA

continued from page 47

array of peaks. The stupendous faces were daubed with masses of hanging ice which discharged their debris into the high snow basins feeding the great Yalung glacier curving around at our feet. So awe-inspiring was the sight that I felt even smaller than in Everest's Western Cwm.

Directly before us lay the southwest face of Kanchenjunga, a series of contorted icefalls and precipitous snow slopes buttressed by steep walls of rock and gigantic overhanging glaciers which looked as if they might break loose at any moment. Our limited objective was to reach and explore the Great Shelf, a forbidding ledge of ice which stretches across the entire face at 24,000 feet (*map below*). To reach the Shelf, we would first have to find a route through the Lower Icefall, a 2,000-foot barrier of jumbled, moving ice, gutted with monstrous crevasses and pocked with shattered blocks of ice. Then, we would have to scale the Upper Icefall, some 3,500 feet of sheer walls of glistening ice, studded with snow-covered ledges. If we succeeded in placing a camp on the Great Shelf itself—which from this distance seemed almost impossible—the terrain above it presented even more frightful

obstacles. From the Shelf a narrow, steep gully of snow, 2,000 feet in all, led to the West Ridge. From there, a series of pinnacles and vertical cliffs blocked the uppermost crest.

While the summit was in each of our hearts, our immediate task was to force through the Lower Icefall. From the outset we failed. Norman and I were given the task, which after a week's reconnaissance, proved far more difficult than the infamous Everest Icefall. One incident I shall remember all my life. Norman and I had reached an impasse; before us loomed an irregular line of overhanging cliffs up to 60 feet in height. Try as we might, we could not find a break in this solid fortress of rock. As a last resort we picked a comparatively safe place where the cliff towered only 40 feet high and decided to climb it direct.

Taking turns, we began cutting away minute bulges of ice so that we could stand in balance. After four hours we had climbed only 20 feet; the remaining 20 feet promised to be even harder.

We returned the next day and after more exhausting chopping I began to wonder whether we would ever get up. "Let's try artificial," I yelled to Norman. This is an extremely strenuous

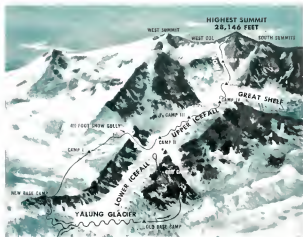
technique, but one by which the hardest rock problems in the Alps have been overcome. The lead man hammers a piton into a crack, attaches a snap-link and slips a rope through the ring. The second man then assists by hauling on the rope, much like a primitive pulley system.

Soon I was perched precariously 30 feet up the side of the cliff, dangling like a puppet on a string. At last I hammered in the final, crucial piton, balanced carefully and stretched across to a shallow scoop. Then, holding my breath, I eased over and pulled myself onto a sloping ledge coated with melted snow. With one great heave I rolled over into the slush. We were up!

But our week of exhausting exploration soon proved to be wasted effort. The terrain beyond was even more risky. This was a serious setback, for our initial strategy, based on the 1954 reconnaissance, depended on reaching the Upper Icefall and then the Great Shelf via this route.

An entire new plan of attack was necessary. Fortunately, Norman had one in mind, for, looking up the Icefall, he had noticed a small glacier on the other side of the Fall. If we could but climb to the top of the tributary glacier we might yet gain the foot of the Upper Icefall. Evans decided it was worth a

continued on next page



ATTACK ROUTE depended on outflanking the treacherous Lower Icefall—first attempt on which failed (right)—then establishing a series of heavily stocked camps to the middle of the Gangway. From there it was a 1,200-foot dash to the highest of Kanchenjunga's five summits.

try and, while the rest of the party moved Base Camp to the foot of the Western Buttress, Norman and I set out on reconnaissance.

We had great luck. On the first day we established Camp I and in a short while a site for Camp II. This would bypass the dangerous Lower Icefall completely and put us in position to put Camp III on the steep but less hazardous Upper Icefall. At last we felt we were getting somewhere.

Camp III, at 21,800 feet, was a spectacular spot—on a platform 40 feet long and 15 feet wide. From here we could look for miles over the barren, snow-covered landscape 5,000 feet below. Above was the unknown. No human had set foot higher on this side of the mountain than where we now stood. Although the Great Shelf lay less than 2,000 feet above our heads, we still did not know whether we could reach it.

Early one morning Evans and Hardie strapped on oxygen and with two of the strongest Sherpas set out on a lightning reconnaissance to find out. They were lucky.

By one o'clock they stood at 23,500 feet, on a level with the Great Shelf but cut off from it by an ugly barrier of crevasses and seracs. They set up a tent—Camp IV—and sent the Sherpas down.

The next morning Evans and Hardie cut their way along a great whaleback of ice, skirting the maze of bottomless crevasses, until they stood on the Great Shelf at last.

It was Friday the thirteenth, a crucial moment for our entire expedition. We had succeeded in reaching our original objective—the Shelf. Indeed, Evans and Hardie had pushed even farther, almost to the Gangway, and discovered

a site for Camp V. From here the summit—less than 2,900 feet beyond—seemed within our grasp.

There was an air of lightheartedness at Base Camp where the rest of us had gathered to await Charles' return. We knew now that we were going to make a bid for the summit, and that soon he would be allotting each of us a vital task during the assault.

PLAN OF ATTACK

Charles burst into the mess tent at Base Camp while we were lunching. Someone handed him a mug of tea and quite suddenly he outlined his plan:

Tom Mackinnon and John Jackson would lead Sherpa teams carrying supplies to Camp V—the equivalent of the South Col of Everest. Then the first summit pair, Joe Brown and myself, with Charles, Neil Mather and four Sherpas in support, would move up to camp a day behind. The latter's role was to place Camp VI—the final camp—as high as possible near the top of the Gangway. Streather and Hardie, the second summit team, would rest at a lower camp, prepared to move up in case Brown and I failed. The plan seemed infallible. But we had neglected to calculate the ferocity of the mountain itself.

The first trouble came when trying to stock Camp V. The day before he was to start, Jackson became snow-blind when he lifted his fogged-up goggles. In acute pain, he nonetheless insisted on carrying out his assignment; he felt that he could at least urge the Sherpas on.

The decision was made and Jackson, roped between Sherpas, started out with Mackinnon to climb from Camp III to Camp V. They spent a very windy night at Camp IV and the next

morning no Sherpa was in a mood to make up his load. To make matters worse Jackson's snow blindness was even more painful.

It was a rugged day. Deep, soft snow lay over much of the route and the loads of 40 pounds were too heavy for such an altitude. By 4:00 in the afternoon, five of the Sherpas had reached camp and under Mackinnon's direction pitched a tent. The other four Sherpas, still some way off, were forced to dump their loads on an exposed slope of ice and return below.

Our plan was now to pick up this gear and occupy Camp V the next day. But that night the wind ominously changed and it began to snow. Brown and I and Mather and Evans with four Sherpas were in Camp IV; and before dark Jackson, still unable to see, Mackinnon and a Sherpa, Pemba Dorje, joined us.

Throughout the night 50-mph winds screamed across the barren site of Camp IV, scarcely a sheltered spot even during the best of weather. The blizzard ripped at our tents. Visibility was down to no more than a few feet and wind-driven snow threatened to engulf and collapse our shelters. For two days and three nights we huddled and waited. With each hour our chances for making a try for the summit grew slimmer. On the second afternoon the storm did moderate enough for Mackinnon, Jackson and Pemba Dorje to descend to Camp III.

At 5:30 the morning of the third day Tashi, my personal Sherpa, looked out through the tent sleeve and excitedly shouted, "Sahib, it's clear. I can see all the way round from Darjeeling to Everest."

By 10 o'clock we forced on our boots, drank two more mugs of tea, vomited a little porridge after attempting to eat and rolled up our sleeping bags.

With Brown and Evans at each end

FOUR CONQUERORS, ONE CASUALTY



GEORGE BAND, 26, a Cambridge graduate geologist, member of '53 Everest expedition and '54 team to Rakaposhi.



JOE BROWN, at 34, youngest man in party. A weekend rock climber, this was his first try at a Himalayan peak.



NORMAN HARDIE, 30-year-old New Zealand engineer. A top ice climber, he took charge of oxygen equipment.



TONY STREATHER, 29, an Army captain. Previous climbs: Tirich Mir with Newghans; ill-fated U.S. try on K2.



PEMBA DORJE, Sherpa porter, died of cerebral thrombosis at Base Camp after an exhausting high portage.

of the rope and two Sherpas between Mather and myself, we took turns breaking trail. We sank into the soft snow up to midcalf and often up to our knees. Suddenly we realized that we were wading in the debris of a new snow avalanche. Ahead we saw what looked like a Primus stove sticking out of the snow. We mounted a steep pitch and to our horror discovered that the avalanche had scattered the tents, oxygen cylinders, kerosene, cookers and food across the slope.

Numbly, we searched for what was left. What we found we added to our loads and, gasping for breath, wallowed the last few yards to the campsite. The avalanche had been there too. All that remained visible was the tip of a tent.

It was 4:15. The sun here had set and I felt desperately cold. My companions' faces were pinched and blue, with great icicles hanging from their nostrils and beards.

DIGGING AND BATTLING

Despite our condition we could not rest, for it was fast growing dark. During the next two hours we dug for buried equipment and battled against the wind to rig our tents. Somehow we got the tents up, the Sherpas lit a stove and produced mugs of hot tea. Then all of us crawled into our sleeping bags, turned on our oxygen and slept.

By morning we were too exhausted to make an early start so we radioed Hardie and Streather—the second summit team—to remain below and everything was put back a day.

It was nearly 9 o'clock before we got under way the next day. Mather and Evans took the first rope with the Sherpas. Joe and I trailed to save our energy for the summit.

The going was steep but good and firm. After some hours, with few pauses to rest our weighty 40-pound loads, we began, one by one, to run out of oxygen. But with an excitement that no weariness can dull, we strove step by step to gain all the height we could.

At nearly 27,000 feet we reached a ledge of broken rock where it was decided to put the final two-man tent. We began scraping a space from the 45° snow slope and after two hours had cleared an area large enough for most of the tent; the rest hung over the abyss below.

With fervent handshakes, wishing us good luck, Evans, Mather and the Sherpas left. Joe and I were alone—to decide who would sleep on the outside position. We tossed. I lost.

The two of us dined on lemonade,

continued on next page



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tea with lots of sugar, asparagus soup, a tin of lambs' tongues with mashed potatoes and finally a mug of chocolate. Then we crawled into our sleeping bags to wait for the morning. Both of us wore our windproof, eider-down clothing to fight off the sub-zero cold. We even kept on our special padded high-altitude boots lest, like Hillary's on Everest, they might freeze hard. As we lay side by side, roped to a nearby spike of rock, little bits of snow skittered down the slope above and pelted our tent. I wondered what might happen if a really big lump or stone hit us. Finally I dozed off into a restless sleep.

The morning of May 25 dawned brilliant and calm. Soon after 8 o'clock Joe and I started up the narrow Gangway, each carrying about 24 pounds, almost all of it oxygen.

Earlier, through binoculars, we had seen that the West Ridge itself was extremely broken and difficult, so our plan was to turn off to the right and climb across the face. Unfortunately, we made a miscalculation, turning off too early, and lost an hour and a half of precious time and oxygen.

To make up time we backtracked and pushed on without rest. The slope underfoot was steep and unsteady, too dangerous for both of us to move safely together. One would have to take a secure stance, braced against the slope, and pay out rope to safeguard the other.

By 2 o'clock we were out of the Gangway and at the West Ridge above its most difficult section. We stopped for a quick snack of lemonade, toffees and mint cakes. This was our first real rest since starting six hours earlier.

I was tiring. Our oxygen tanks only had enough for a couple more hours.

"We must turn back by 3:00 or we may have to spend the night up here," I shouted to Joe.

"We've just got to reach the top before then," he snapped back.

For a moment the climbing became easier and we could move together. But above us a steep, smooth nose of rock barred the way. Would this defeat us? We couldn't see, but knew we must be near the summit.

We turned to the right, around the corner, hoping to see a passage to the top. Instead a wall towered about 20 feet above us. The amber-colored face was broken by several deep vertical cracks and Joe, without a second thought, wedged his body into one of

them and with a tremendous straggle forced his way to the top. It was the hardest part of the whole climb. Suddenly he turned and shouted, "George, we're there!" I clambered up and there before us, some 20 feet away and five feet higher than the ground on which we stood, was the very top, a gently sloping cone of snow.

Since we had promised the Sikimese not to disturb their god by stepping on the uppermost crest, we stopped short. But the summit was ours.

We said nothing for a moment. We

stood there, realizing what had been accomplished. Nine of us started out on reconnaissance, and now the two of us stood at the top.

I glanced at my watch: a quarter to 3. Looking on all four sides, we could see little detail: a great sea of clouds covered the land so only the highest peaks stood out, like so many rocky islands above a white sea. Against the horizon 80 miles to the west we could just make out Everest, Lhotse and Makalu. Then we turned and started to descend.

After an hour our oxygen ran out and we began to gasp in the thin, bitter air. I felt extremely weary and lightheaded. As I stepped down a



DRAMATIC CAMPSITE at 21,800-foot level, nestled against a glistening, overhanging cliff of ice, overlooked a panorama of snow and wasteland nearly a mile below.

small patch of unstable snow, my foothold suddenly broke. I rolled over onto my stomach, dug my ax point into the snow, and in a split second it was over. Joe clambered down where I lay panting and quipped, "It makes me tired just to watch you do that."

By the time we descended the 1,200 feet back to our tent it was dark; Hardie and Streather were already there, as planned, for a second attempt in case we had failed. The four of us squeezed into the tiny two-man tent that overlapped the narrow ledge and drank and drank and drank—lemonade, soup and chocolate. I don't believe that I ever felt so thirsty in all my life.

A SIMPLER WAY

That night there was no tossing for who would sleep on the outside position. The rest reckoned that I knew all about it, so there I went. Somehow, I don't quite remember how, we passed the night. Hardie and Streather used the sleeping bags and some oxygen because they still wanted to have a crack at the top—and in the morning we started down while they set off to repeat the ascent. The night before, Joe had taken off his goggles for a moment and became snow-blind, although not nearly so bad as Jackson had before and we were able to get down safely.

Hardie and Streather, moving to the summit, followed the same route that we used except at the very end. When they looked at the vertical crack Joe had found they decided that there had to be some simpler way to the top. They walked around the nose of rock, found a sloping bit a few yards to one side and scrambled easily toward the final crest. They made it extremely fast compared to our day-long struggle the day before. However, they suffered one stroke of bad luck. On the way up, one of their larger oxygen bottles worked loose from its frozen straps and slid, crashing, down the face of the mountain. As a result of this mishap Streather had to make the entire descent without oxygen.

Evans was waiting for them at Camp V. Early the next morning he spotted two tiny figures, hardly more than blue specks against the white snow, staggering, unsteady with fatigue and lack of oxygen, down the final pitch.

Evans called out, "Are you all right?"

"What about the General Election?" was Hardie's only reply.

They had come back

(EN)





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KILDUFF, ALREADY OUT, ROUNDS THIRD AS WAMBSGANS TAGS CATCHER MILLER FOR THIRD OUT IN 1920 SERIES UNASSISTED TRIPLE PLAY

YESTERDAY

WAMBSGANS' WONDER



WILLIAM WAMBSGANS

ON October 10, 1920 a competent but undistinguished Cleveland second baseman became one of baseball's immortal heroes. William Wambsgans, mercifully called Wamby, executed the only unassisted triple play in all World Series history (295 games to date) and one of seven such plays performed since major league ball began. It was in the fifth game of the 1920 Series. The Brooklyn Dodgers (then called Robins) and the Cleveland Indians were tied with two games each. In the fifth inning when Brooklyn, trailing 7-0, came to bat, Second Baseman Pete Kilduff hit a single to left field off Jim Bagby, and Catcher Otto Miller did the same, putting Robins on first and second. The next batter was Relief Pitcher Clarence Mitchell. Telling the story today, Wamby, now 61 and working for a Cleveland

manufacturing firm, says: "Before the game Manager Tris Speaker warned us, 'Play deep for Mitchell, he's a hard hitter, but a slow runner.' So I played 10 feet deeper than usual." Mitchell cracked the first pitch 15 feet to Wamby's right and over his head. But Wamby speared the drive with artful timing. Kilduff was tearing down to third, so Wamby touched second to retire him. Miller, also a slow runner, neared second and was helpless as Wamby ran up to put the ball on him for the third out. The 25,000 spectators had hysterics, but Wamby says he just kept muttering, "Can you imagine that?" Other Series firsts in that same game: Outfielder Elmer Smith hit a grand slammer, Bagby became first pitcher to hit a home run, Mitchell had two ABs for five outs. Cleveland won the series 5-2.

BILL SUMMERS

continued from page 55

from the Yanks, and the umpires were exhausted.

"You know," Summers said, "a good game umpires itself. Anybody can handle those 1-0 and 2-1 things. The pitching is always real good and there aren't many men on the bases. A bad game is a cinch too. In those 10-2 things one pitcher is good and the rest are all so lousy everybody knows it. But this thing Eddie had was a lousy ball game with pretty good—but not real great—pitching.

"And for all that work around the plate he handled the bases perfectly," Summers added. "Eddie was always in 'position.'"

CAL HUBBARD'S INVENTION

"Position" play is an innovation in umpiring within the last two years. It is the invention of Cal Hubbard, supervisor of AL umpires, and is designed to take the guesswork out of umpiring. Umpires on the bases have always worked by instinct and sometimes that instinct found two of them at second and none at third when one was urgently needed at that base. So Hub fell back on his football training and set up a series of plays to cover every foreseeable situation. These assignments permit one umpire to go into the outfield to check on fouls and those pesky trap catches. It is a very complicated setup and even today an umpire will sometimes blow his position with immediate embarrassment resulting therefrom. But it is rarer today than three years ago.

Position play is difficult. Another great umpiring difficulty stems from the rule book. Umpires are wildly individualistic and argumentative but they agree to a man that the rule book is a classic in naïveté and ambiguity. Bill Klem said, "The trouble with the baseball rules is that they were written by gentlemen for gentlemen. Baseball players are not gentlemen." Hub told me, "The rules of baseball are the poorest written set of rules in sports."

But it isn't the involved position play or even the confusing rules that make umpiring so tough. It's the ball-players and their endless war on the umpire's nerves, confidence and self-control. The land is filled with umpires who quit because they couldn't take the abuse. Or got fired because they became ineffectual on the field as their confidence waned. Or lost control of their nerves and committed the cardinal

continued on next page

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sin—answered an angry player in kind.

Their lives are filled with taboos. We couldn't take a good train because a ball club was on it. The same was true of certain restaurants. The race track is off limits and that wounds a few umpires. Getting a glass of beer is a major exercise in evasive tactics lest they be seen in a bar and two beers blown up into a major orgy. Umpires are all Caesar's wives and none has much inclination for the role.

Summers thinks he is the best umpire in the world. Hurley knows he is



STURDY SUMMERS DOMINATES RHUBARB

the best. Soar is certain he is tops. And Runge has never seen a hotter ump than himself. And that's the way every professional umpire in the land thinks about himself. Such thinking is an occupational necessity, like two arms, two legs and two 20-20 eyes. These men spend much of their time being assured they are blind bums by ballplayers, writers and millions of fans. They must reek with self-confidence or this abuse would crush them as it has crushed so many hundreds who had all the equipment save the confidence.

This does not mean they feel they never call one wrong. I have seen their dressing rooms dripping with sulphur after Summers got through criticizing one or more for not being in position. And I have seen Summers' ample neck a deep crimson when he was caught out of position by his associates.

On matters of "safe" or "out," however, it's different. The etiquette on such matters is most precise. One umpire will not tell another he has called wrong unless the question is fairly put by the offender. There is never any

reason to describe the play. The doubtful ump knows they all know what he is talking about when he asks, "Did I have that one?" If he asks he is told.

Frequently an umpire who has had a rhubarb on the field will not ask if his colleagues agreed on his decision. The explanation is always, "I knew I was right, so I didn't ask the boys." That's almost the certain tipoff that the ump knew he was wrong. Knowing it, he sees no point in being told about it.

Because umpires are never permitted to answer their critics they enjoy some perverse personal amusements. Pitchers who are always asking for a new ball usually have the same explanation: "This ball is too big." That's impossible of course. So the ump change the ball and then toss back the discarded horsehide a play or two later. The pitchers never recognize the ball they insisted was too big for them a minute before.

Another personal joke can only be enjoyed during spring training. Sometimes only one ump shows up, so he must pick a player from each side to work the bases. "I always grab a 'cheerleader,'" Hurley says. "One of those fellows who gives you a hard time from the bench. You put 'em out to umpire and in about two innings they prove to everybody in the ball park what every umpire knows. They prove ballplayers don't know the rules and they don't know anything about where to stand to call a play. I've had a couple quit after three innings. It made the day for me."

It would be a major error to think a team of umpires is a team in the old-school-try sense. They work as a team but that's where the old team spirit stops. By nature they are all terribly positive about everything from a foul ball to how hot the soup should be. But in one thing they are all alike. They are wildly devoted to the game of baseball. And to the holy calling of umpiring.

I made a statement once while sitting with Hurley and Hubbard on a hotel lawn. I said that all umpires listened for the click of the ball into a first baseman's mitt on a close play.

Hubbard and Hurley said it couldn't be done. Too much crowd noise. You had to use your eyes. Finally Hurley said: "You've been with us too long. You're beginning to act like an umpire. Nobody can tell you anything."

I quit at 3:00 a.m. The argument was resumed at breakfast, with Runge and Soar replacing Hurley. Runge is an ear man. It was still going on when I came home.

pictures he wanted to keep. He posed for photographers, sitting at the desk in his office. "No, boys," he said at one point. "Take all the pictures you want but none of that cleaning out the desk stuff. No phony poses."

Outside the office half a hundred hangers-on stood talking together in a sort of subdued hubbub, as before a curtain rises.

The curtain rose. The door to the clubhouse opened and Leo Durocher walked down the steps onto the far reaches of center field and began the long walk in across the grass to the New York Giant dugout. There were not many people in the stands on this last Sunday in September but those who were there applauded as Durocher walked the length of the Polo Grounds.

In the dugout he talked to Frank Frisch for a while and then led a flock of reporters out through a runway leading from the dugout to a small television studio under the stands.

There Leo appeared as guest master of ceremonies on his wife's pregame television show. Laraine Day was in the Middle West. Via prepared film clips she announced to the television audience that Leo was pinch-hitting for her.

He did an excellent, professional job, handling himself before the cameras with poise and assurance. He talked to A.P. Reporter Joe Reichler about his retirement, cued in the commercials, nodded near the end when the director whispered, "You have 30 seconds. Just talk."



RESPECTABLE BILL RONEY SMILED BROADLY

He talked, though not quite so glibly as he had earlier. As his time neared its end, he smiled into the cameras, thanked the fans for their support, waved his hand and said so long.

Except that when he said, "So long," his voice wouldn't work. His voice broke on the phrase. Then the program was over. The room was quiet as a church. The director said, "Good." Leo Durocher, not speaking, walked swiftly away from the cameras.

Durocher's last day was almost a spectacular one. His Giants won the first game of a double-header handily, 5-2. His Willie Mays hit his 51st home run of the year. His pitching selection, Rookie Pete Burnside, pitched a fine ball game. But in the second game the Giants came to bat in the last inning of Durocher's reign trailing by two runs.

Almost as if they wanted to give Leo a farewell present, the Giants rallied. Joe Amalfitano singled and Whitey Lockman walked. Bob Hofman, one of the best clutch hitters the Giants have ever had, was at bat. He rocketed one of Curt Simmons' fast balls on a line toward center field. Amalfitano and Lockman were running for all they were worth. But Ted Kazanski, Phillie shortstop, speared the ball for one out and flipped to Bob Morgan at second for two; Morgan lobbed it on to Marv Blaylock at first base for a triple play to end the inning, the game, the season and Leo Durocher's career.

It was symptomatic of the way the season had gone for Leo Durocher. He walked back across the outfield grass to the center-field clubhouse, dressed quickly and was gone. (END)



IN A RECENT MEETING WITH LEO DUROCHER



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September 30 through October 9

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 30

Baseball

- World Series (2nd game): Brooklyn Dodgers vs. N.Y. Yankees, Ebbets Field, Brooklyn, N.Y., 12:45 p.m. E.D.T. (NBC-color TV, Mutual-radio).

Boxing

- Willie Treg vs. Chuck Speiser, light heavyweights, Washington, D.C. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. E.D.T. (NBC)

Football

- Miami vs. Florida State, Miami, Fla., 9:15 p.m. (Mutual*).

Harness Racing

- Adios Harry vs. Adios Boy, \$7,500 match race, Balaue Downs, N.Y.

Horse Show

- Westchester Horse Show, Rye, N.Y.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1

Auto Racing

- SCCA Continental Divide Rally, Durango, Calif.

Baseball

- World Series (3th game): Brooklyn Dodgers vs. N.Y. Yankees, Ebbets Field, Brooklyn, N.Y., 12:45 p.m. E.D.T. (NBC-color TV, Mutual-radio).

Football

- (Leading college games)

East

- Army vs. Penn State, West Point, N.Y.
- Cornell vs. Colgate, Ithaca, N.Y.
- Dartmouth vs. Holy Cross, Hanover, N.H.
- Harvard vs. Massachusetts, Cambridge, Mass.
- Princeton vs. Columbia, Princeton, N.J.
- Yale vs. Brown, New Haven, Conn.

SOUTH & SOUTHWEST

- Arkansas vs. TCU, Fayetteville, Ark.
- Baylor vs. Maryland, Waco, Tex. (N)
- Georgia Tech vs. SMU, Atlanta.
- Kentucky vs. Villanova, Lexington, Ky. (N)
- N. Carolina State vs. N. Carolina, Raleigh, N.C.
- Rice vs. LSU, Houston, Tex. (N)
- S. Carolina vs. Navy, Columbia, S.C., 1:45 p.m. E.D.T. (Mutual*)
- Tennessee vs. Duke, Knoxville, Tenn.
- Tulane vs. Northwestern, New Orleans.
- Vanderbilt vs. Alabama, Nashville, Tenn. (N)

WEST

- Mines vs. Iowa State, Champaign, Ill.
- Kansas State vs. Nebraska, Manhattan, Kan.
- Michigan vs. Michigan State, Ann Arbor, Mich.
- Minnesota vs. Purdue, Minneapolis.
- Missouri vs. Utah, Columbia, Mo.
- Notre Dame vs. Indiana, South Bend, Ind.
- Oklahoma vs. Pitt, Norman, Okla., 1:45 p.m. C.S.T. (Mutual*).
- Oklahoma A&M vs. Texas Tech, Stillwater, Okla.
- Wisconsin vs. Iowa, Madison, Wis.

FAR WEST

- California vs. Penn, Berkeley, Calif.
- Oregon vs. Washington, Portland, Ore. (N)
- Stanford vs. Ohio State, Palo Alto, Calif., 2 p.m. P.S.T. (NBC). Men to watch: Stanford's Bill Tuer (30) & State's Howard (linebacker), Washington State vs. UCLA, Pullman, Wash.

(Professionals)

- Baltimore vs. Detroit, Baltimore, 7:30 p.m. (TV**)
- Mutual*-radio)
- Philadelphia vs. Washington, Philadelphia, 7:30 p.m.*

Horse Racing

- Woodward Stakes, \$50,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Belmont Pk., N.Y., 4:15 p.m. E.D.T. (ABC).
- C. W. Badwin Memorial Handicap, \$50,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Hawthorne, Chicago.
- Native Stakes, \$25,000, 6 f., 2-yr.-old fillies, Walden Course, Belmont Pk., N.Y.
- Absconter Island Stakes, \$25,000, 1 m., 2-yr.-olds, Atlantic City, N.J.
- San Jose Handicap, \$25,000, 6 f., 3-yr.-olds, Bay Meadows, San Mateo, Calif.

Auto Racing

- Nat'l Hot Rod Assn. championship drag races (final day), Great Bend, Kan.
- SCCA races, Catalina Island, Calif.

Baseball

- World Series (4th game, if necessary): Brooklyn Dodgers vs. N.Y. Yankees, Ebbets Field, Brooklyn, N.Y., 12:45 p.m. E.D.T. (NBC-color TV, Mutual-radio).

Football

- Chicago Cards vs. New York, Chicago, 1:05 p.m. C.S.T. (Du Mont*-TV, Mutual*-radio).
- Green Bay vs. Chicago Bears, Green Bay, Wis., 1:35 p.m. C.S.T.
- Los Angeles vs. Pittsburgh, Los Angeles, 3 p.m. P.S.T. (ABC*).
- San Francisco vs. Cleveland, San Francisco, 2:05 p.m. P.S.T.

Hockey

- Detroit Red Wings vs. NHL All-Stars, Detroit.

Motorboating

- Int'l. Cup Regatta, Elizabeth City, N.C.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 3

Baseball

- World Series (5th game, if necessary): N.Y. Yankees vs. Brooklyn Dodgers, Yankee Stadium, N.Y., 12:45 p.m. E.D.T. (NBC-color TV, Mutual-radio)

Boxing

- Paddy Beltrac vs. Kenny Lane, lightweights, St. Nick's, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. E.D.T. (Du Mont)
- Willie Pantrane vs. Paddy Young, light heavyweights, New Orleans (10 rds.)

Golf

- Eastern Open begins, N1 Pleasant GC, Baltimore.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 4

- World Series (7th game, if necessary): N.Y. Yankees vs. Brooklyn Dodgers, Yankee Stadium, N.Y., 12:45 p.m. E.D.T. (NBC-color TV, Mutual-radio).

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 5

Boxing

- Disco Andrade vs. Eddie Chavez, lightweights, Richmond, Calif. (10 rds.) (ABC-TV-10 p.m. E.D.T.; radio-10:15 p.m. E.D.T.)

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 6

Harness Racing

- Kentucky Futurity, \$70,000, 3-yr.-old trotters, Lexington, Ky.

Hockey

- Detroit vs. Chicago, Detroit.
- Montreal vs. Toronto, Montreal.

Horse Racing

- Lawrence Realization, \$25,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds, Belmont Pk., N.Y.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 7

Boxing

- Tommy (American) Jackson vs. Rex Lape, heavyweights, Olympia Stadium, Detroit (30 rds.), 10 p.m. E.D.T. (NBC)

Football

- World championships, Rome (until Oct. 29).

Football

- Miami vs. Notre Dame, Miami, Fla., 8:15 p.m. (Mutual*)
- SMU vs. Missouri, Dallas, Tex. (N)
- UCLA vs. Oregon State, Los Angeles (N)

Hockey

- Chicago vs. New York, Chicago.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8

Auto Racing

- SCCA regional races, Fort Sumner, N. Mex. (also Oct. 9).

Football

- (Leading college games)

East

- Boston College vs. Villanova, Boston, 2 p.m. (NBC*).
- Colgate vs. Holy Cross, Hamilton, N.Y., 2 p.m. E.D.T. (CBS*). Men to watch: Colgate's Guy Martin (27).
- Harvard vs. Cornell, Cambridge, Mass.
- Maryland vs. Wake Forest, College Park, Md.
- Navy vs. Pitt, Baltimore, 2:45 p.m. E.D.T. (ABC*).
- Penn vs. Princeton, Philadelphia.
- Syracuse vs. Boston U., Syracuse, N.Y. (N)
- Yale vs. Columbia, New Haven, Conn.

SOUTH & SOUTHWEST

- Alabama vs. TCU, Tuscaloosa, Ala.
- Auburn vs. Kentucky, Birmingham, Ala.
- Baylor vs. Arkansas, Waco, Tex. (N)
- Duke vs. William & Mary, Durham, N.C.
- Georgia vs. N. Carolina, Athens, Ga.
- LSU vs. Georgia Tech, Baton Rouge, La. (N)
- Mississippi vs. Vanderbilt, Memphis, Tenn.
- Rice vs. Clemson, Houston, Tex. (N)
- Tennessee vs. Chattanooga, Knoxville, Tenn.
- Texas vs. Oklahoma, Dallas, Tex., 2 p.m. C.S.T.*
- Men to watch: Texas' Walter Padron (22) & Oklahoma's Bob Burris (42)
- Virginia vs. Penn State, Richmond, Va.

WEST

- Iowa vs. Indiana, Iowa City, Ia.
- Michigan vs. Army, Ann Arbor, Mich., 2:15 p.m. E.S.T. (Mutual*)
- Michigan State vs. Stanford, E. Lansing, Mich.
- Nebraska vs. Texas A&M, Lincoln, Neb.
- Northwestern vs. Minnesota, Evanston, Ill.
- Ohio State vs. Illinois, Urbana, Ohio
- Oklahoma A&M vs. Wichita, Stillwater, Okla.
- Purdue vs. Wisconsin, Lafayette, Ind., 1:30 p.m. C.D.T. (CBS*). Men to watch: Purdue's Les Dawson (16) & Wisconsin's Charlie Thomas (34).

FAR WEST

- California vs. Washington State, Berkeley, Calif.
- Oregon vs. Colorado, Eugene, Ore.

(Professionals)

- Green Bay vs. Baltimore, Milwaukee, 7:35 p.m.* C.S.T.

Hockey

- Montreal vs. Boston, Montreal.
- Toronto vs. Detroit, Toronto.

Horse Racing

- Futurity Stakes, \$50,000, 5 1/4 f., 3-yr.-olds, Belmont Pk., N.Y., 4:15 p.m. E.D.T. (ABC).
- Jersey Belle Stakes, \$25,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-old fillies, Garden State Pk., Camden, N.J.
- Hawthorne Juvenile Handicap, \$25,000, 6 f., 2-yr.-olds, Hawthorne, Chicago.

Horse Racing

- Int'l. Gold Cup, \$5,000, 2 1/4 m., Rolling Rock, Ligonier, Pa.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 9

Auto Racing

- NASCAR 300-m. race, W. Memphis, Tenn.
- SCCA regional races, Thompson Speedway, Conn.

Football

- Chicago Bears vs. San Francisco, Chicago, 1:05 p.m. C.D.T. (ABC*).
- Cleveland vs. Philadelphia, Cleveland, 2:05 p.m.*
- Detroit vs. Los Angeles, Detroit, 2:05 p.m.*
- Pittsburgh vs. New York, Pittsburgh, 2:05 p.m. (Du Mont*)
- Washington vs. Chicago Cards, Washington, 2:05 p.m.*

Hockey

- Boston vs. Montreal, Boston.
- Chicago vs. Toronto, Chicago.
- Detroit vs. New York, Detroit.

Horse Racing

- Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe, \$90,000 (to winner), 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Longchamp, Paris.

*See local listing

AN ART REVIVED

Sirs:

Rocky's answer to Moore's "How's he gonna hit me?" (SI, Sept. 19) was as convincing as SI's answer to those of us who for a long time have despaired of the revival of the art of boxing. In 18th- and 19th-century England, boxing was not only a sport, albeit an illegal one, but a subject that inspired great painters, engravers and



RIGER'S MOORE

writers to some of their finest work. Each notable bout later produced sketches, mezzotints and prints that have become collector's items around the world.

As both a boxing fan and amateur historian of the once noble game I would like to congratulate you on your September 19th issue. Ezra Brown and Martin Kane wrote nobly, skillfully and lovingly and obviously put pen to paper only after having many a long talk with Archie, certainly the most likeable challenger since Carpenter. But the buzzards belong to artist Robert Riger and those who advised him. His 32 drawings were masterfully executed, well thought out and give, I believe, one and for all the answer to: What can the brush accomplish that cannot be bettered by the camera? His lead drawing (*see cut*) almost exactly anticipated some of the subsequently published photos of an astute Moore defending himself against a close-slugging Marciano. I have not seen a photograph that can equal this drawing in felicity of manner, reality and impact.

What I want to thank you for, in the main, is for going to the trouble to do all this when I imagine you could get by handsomely with a far lesser effort. I read your cataloging of boxing's dirty business with admiration. Your preview of the heavyweight championship I read with both admiration and pleasure.

RAY H. ENDICOTT

Chicago

THAT'S NOW

Sirs:

"How's Marciano Gonna Hit Me?"
Often and hard.

D. M. BATES

Arlington, Va.

CONFIDENCE MAN

Sirs:

He almost had me convinced!

FORSTER L. AUSTIN

Capon Springs, W. Va.

HISTORIC APPETIZER

Sirs:

Conversation Piece Subject: Archie Moore, proved a most perfect appetizer for the Marciano-Moore debut. It was excellently done and the art work was terrific.

It's history now and we all know that the perpetually failing Rock did what was expected of him, but we'll still admit, "How's the man gonna hit me?" flavored the match and perpetuated interest.

Suggest we have more of the same with Rocky's next opponent.

KEN ROUSE

Menasha, Wis.

BUD ON SKATES

Sirs:

I read with interest your piece on Bud Wilkinson, Oklahoma's football coach (SI, Sept. 19). However, I was rather surprised that Wilkinson's undergraduate career as varsity goalie on Minnesota's hockey team wasn't mentioned. He was quite a guy on skates too!

During a Michigan-Minnesota game which would pretty well decide the Big Ten hockey title for the year, Minnesota's squad, numerically larger and individually bigger, was giving our Michigan team a real going over in the first period. I had a steak slash over one eye and something that looked and felt like a plum over the other. But then, being goal tender, I had remained relatively aloof from the main scenes of activity. Just as the period came to a close,

the Gophers worked the puck practically into our goalmouth, and, in the mad scramble that followed, those playful Minnesota kids draped me around one of the goal posts so neatly that, had Michigan's colors been red and white, I could have passed as a barber pole. Oh yes, somebody also remembered to push the puck in too. When the referee allowed the goal, our club was fit to be tied (not me, I was too busy trying to get untied). A second or two later, the buzzer ended the period. As both clubs skated toward the only door leading to the dressing rooms, Vic Heyliger, our center ice-man (he's now Michigan's hockey coach), felt or fanned an elbow in the ribs—and the melee was on! That is, it would have been were it not for Bud. He "bulked" out in full goalie equipment, looking like Paul Bunyan. And the way he scattered the prospective antagonists, I'm not sure he wasn't. When he got to me and my prospect, he simply tucked each of us under an arm and casually lifted us up off our feet. I'll never forget the understanding smile on his face as he said, "Now, don't be children."

Speaking of children, Bud Wilkinson is one coach I wouldn't mind a kid of mine playing for.

WIN ELLIOT

Westport, Conn.

TELL ME MORE

Sirs:

As a member of the general public, which John McCormack of Dallas says knows nothing about horse racing (19th Hole, Sept. 19), I wish he would tell me more about John P. Grier, who "wasn't the same after his classic race with Man o' War." As a 4-year-old the next year, didn't John

continued on next page

JAC ATHLETIC CLUB



"Left out for the Philadelphia Eagles."

P. carry his "broken heart" to a track record? And didn't he beat Exterminator that season?

So the Derby, at 10 furlongs in May, is run "much too early in the year." The Freshman, at nine-and-a-half furlongs, is run the same month, and the Belmont at 12 furlongs is in June. Two-year-olds go eight-and-a-half furlongs the previous October and November in the Garden State and the Pimlico Futurity.

Derby starters average about 38 months of age. If 10 furlongs is wrong for 38 months, why is 12 furlongs ideal at 39 months, the average age of a Belmont starter?

As a native of a backward state which doesn't have horse racing, McCormack must think 2-year-olds are put away in the fall, then brought out cold and stiff after a hard winter to run in the Derby.

The "mad scramble" he mentions isn't on the Kentucky Derby track. It's the battle for the tickets by real race fans who want to see the greatest race in the world.

MIKE BARRY

Louisville, Ky.

HAPPY COMBINATION

Sirs:

John Bentley's account of the Johnstone-Hill duel at Edgartown Lake's Road America (SI, Sept. 19) was almost as thrilling as the race itself! Congratulations to SI on a staff of writers who combine the happy talents of thorough knowledge of their subjects and true literary and reportorial craftsmanship.

DONALD S. BUCK

Chicago

A U.S. GRAND PRIX

Sirs:

Thank you for your fine coverage of the Road America races. Your report brought all the color and excitement of a great race to the reader.

With the Road America races American sports car racing reached its high point. Competing were many fine drivers including one, Phil Hill, who would appear to be of Grand Prix caliber. Present were Ferrari Monzas, D Jaguars and Maseratis, the same cars which are currently winning many of the world's greatest races. It is sports car racing at its very best and the type of event we should see much more of in this country.

I would like to suggest that we now go on to something bigger and better, a U.S. Grand Prix of world's championship status. We now have a suitable course, Road America is a true test of car and driver; it's extremely beautiful and it's safe and exciting for the spectator.

STEVE BIELER

Atlanta

ORDERS

Sirs:

I don't want to introduce a sour note, but my husband, an unreconstructed batting-average-and-yardage-gained kind of sports fan, has ordered me to ask you why a sports magazine has a fashion section. While thinking up the answer, could you tell a mere woman where, in Buffalo, I could get the feather-blue suit you pictured in

your September 5 *Trends* (SPORTING LOOK)? It's exactly the kind of thing I've been needing for years and years.

GRACE BLAKELY

Buffalo, N.Y.

● Point I: Clothes are as much a part of the sporting scene as the people who wear them, either as participants or spectators. Point II: You can purchase the suit at Flint & Kent, 554 Main Street.—ED.

THE TREND OF GOLF

Sirs:

Your golf coverage is excellent as it has been all year.

However, I for one am alarmed at the steady disappearance of courses (generally to make room for housing projects) with no replacements. This is matched by a tremendous increase in enthusiasts anxious to enjoy this great sport.

If this trend continues, golf will once again become what it was when I was a boy—a game for the wealthy only.

It would be interesting to see statistics as to the number of courses and golfers in America today as compared to 1950.

RALPH J. GUST

Bellwood, Ill.

● The character of golf has changed with the times. The National Golf Foundation estimates that over the last 20 years a million-and-a-half duffers have taken up the game to swell the playing total to three-and-one-half-million golfers. The number of courses available, however, has declined from 5,691 in 1931 to 5,076 in 1954. But 20 years ago 80% of all courses were private clubs. Today, 2,198 (40%) links are public or semi-private courses, used by 70% of all golfers. Curing the hooks and slices of this large and dedicated group are 3,500 professionals (up 2,200 from 1943) who may also compete for \$850,000 annually in tournament money or more than double the sum offered 10 years ago.

But the greatest change that has come over the sport is the emergence of golf as a spectator sport of formidable and ever-growing proportions.

For golfers the time spent on the links in the years ahead is likely to be frustrating: thousands of new enthusiasts are drawn to the ancient and honorable game each year; golf has become a flourishing part of industry-sponsored recreation (see E & D, Aug. 29), and each year the graduates of 500 college teams are waiting to claim their turn on the first tee. FORE!—ED.

THE MIGHTY HUNTERS

Sirs:

E & D's up-to-the-minute review *Word of Creation* (SI, Sept. 19), highlighting a forthcoming dog movie that stars Basenjis, calls for a word of protest. Basenjis, the relatively rare, so-called barkless hounds of the Pharaohs, are natural hunters.

The interesting, clever devices of the movie producers are played up in the article. Their purpose is not to deceive or mis-

represent, but to give the public the spirit of the poignant story. So well do they succeed that the tears mentioned will probably be the involuntary contribution of the viewers, not the dogs!

Basenji owners have abundant firsthand testimony that the primary function of the dogs in Africa is hunting, to supply food for their masters. They are known to be highly courageous and to attack animals as big or considerably bigger than themselves. They are naturally extremely bird-conscious, eager to hunt them and to follow the flight of birds in air; they don't necessarily have to lift one foot to point. Moreover their keen noses lead them unflinchingly to such finds as half-hidden nestfuls of baby rabbits. Basenjis, with ease, outrun and pull down the fastest coursing rabbits. In daily life they constantly point the new or unexpected.

ELOISE GERRY

Madison, Wis.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

Sirs:

Several months ago a generous kinsman made my wife and me subscribers to SI. Up to then, I had just seen your magazine occasionally, or when I had two bits.

You are getting out a magazine that exceeds any expectations of mine—and those that I had were high, because the field was open for it.

I try to take a general interest in public affairs, and what do I find in the Sept. 19 issue? I find that Mr. Lyndon Johnson of Texas, the Senate majority leader who is recuperating from a heart attack, has acquainted himself with baseball and has become an ardent fan. As a confirmed baseball fan myself I applaud this wisdom of choice on the part of the Senator.

I also note that he says he intends to devote more nights to baseball and fewer to the cares of statesmanship. He says he may even go back to Texas to stay and perhaps buy himself a baseball club down there. When I was a boy (and a few old-timers in the Southwest still referred to San Antonio as Bexar) there was a saying that nobody ever dies in San Antonio; they just blow away. I have since learned that saying dates back at least to 1825 and there must be some truth in it.

MARQUIS JAMES

Rye, New York

● SI is sure that Journalist Marquis James, the Pulitzer Prize-winning biographer of Sam Houston and Andrew Jackson, would never file a misleading report.—ED.

WHAT THE DOCTOR SHOULD HAVE ORDERED

Sirs:

I am glad that E & D agrees with my theory that baseball is good therapy for a cardiac condition. Senator Johnson's experience is like my own.

I was lying in the Presbyterian Hospital, Newark, N.J. in October, 1951. I had a radio going in my room when Bobby Thomson hit Ted home run and when Russ Hodges got a bit hysterical. "It's a home run!" At that instant my doctor walked into the room and switched off the radio with the remark, "That stuff's no good for you." I said, "Doctor, you could not be more wrong. That is just exactly what I need. That is the cure of cures!"

I went home the next Sunday and I never did hear the finish of that broadcast. Although I have seen heart specialists several times since then, I have not been hospitalized. I hope that Senator Johnson has found in baseball a permanent cure for his heart trouble.

FRANK W. SIMON

Terrance, Calif.

THE SMILE THAT LOSES

Sirs:

I was thrilled to read Don Conner and Gerald Holland's wonderful article, *Heg, Mr. Bejo* (SI, Sept. 19). "Jolly Cholly Grimes" has the spirit that everyone in sporting competition should have: the spirit that says you don't have to win to be happy. Many thanks.

MRS. ROBERT L. ANDERSON

Glastonbury, Conn.

THIS HORSELESS AGE

Sirs:

Your staff and Mr. Jeremiah Tax deserve the gratitude of everyone in the harness racing sport for the fine job on the Brown Jug in your issue of Sept. 19. The coverage of the Hambletonian (SI, Aug. 1, Aug. 15) was fine, too.

Harness racing, although one of this nation's oldest sports, is not too well appreciated in this horseless age. I hope that one of your writers can someday find time to do a piece on the sport as it is practiced at the county fairs—there's a good yarn there.

WALT S. GHANTHAM, Secretary
Missouri-Oklahoma-Nebraska
Kansas Harness Racing Assn.

Kansas City, Mo.

● SI will keep an eye trained on county fairs.—ED.

THAT CASUAL LOOK

Sirs:

Enjoyed your article and the photos by Jerry Cooke and John Bryson on *Dogs Strange and Rare* (SI, Sept. 12). May I

suggest that you sponsor the Lhasa apso as a challenger on the TV program, "Place the Face?"

JAMES J. MITTALPE

Dallas

GRANDFATHER STORY

Sirs:

As one of your original subscribers, I have considered SI mighty sharp, but in my unsolicited opinion you hit a low low with your "Shaggy Manager Story" (E & D, Sept. 19).

I was born in 1901 and have followed baseball ever since I first learned to read. My grandfather, a violent fan, was the first to tell me the same story, but with the setting in the Duffy Dodger days and Belmont the track.

W. D. ANDERSON

Warrington, Fla.

● SI believes a sporting classic occasionally deserves retelling.—ED.

MORE ON THE XOLOIZCUINTLE

Sirs:

We have read with a good deal of interest Mr. Reginald Wells's article, *Dogs Strange and Rare* (SI, Sept. 12), although nobody in Mexico seriously believes that the Mexican hairless was first imported from China around 1600. It is the traditional dog of Mexico, which has been on the scene for thousands of years, as shown by a wealth of archaeological evidence.

We must agree, however, that not a great deal of enthusiasm has been shown about this animal by Mexican dog fanciers until now. But it is incorrect to say that this association has registered only five specimens. No less than 13 were exhibited at our last circuit of shows—all of them, of course, registered with this association.

The animal is something of an enigma, as specimens appear which are not entirely hairless. The theme is a complex one, but the University of Mexico is publishing a

detailed study of the whole question, embodying its paleontological, archaeological, historical, traditional and genetic aspects, and we hope that, in due course, this will be published in English in the U.S.A. Meanwhile this association has appointed a committee to revive, or re-establish the breed, having due respect to history and tradition in this country. In view of the present scarcity of the animal amongst dog fanciers in the capital, we are searching for good specimens in the remoter areas of the republic, which we are entrusting to specially selected members who are interested enough to breed them selectively and scientifically, in cooperation with our committee. We hope thus to save this animal from extinction through uncontrolled miscegenation with dogs with ordinary coats.

Traditionally in this country two different types have been recognized, each with distinct names in the Nahuatl language. At the local shows, the larger (and rarer) form has always been classed with the non-sporting group, and the smaller with the miniature. Both forms are a good deal larger than the Mexican hairless bred in U.S.A.

But any would-be American breeders will have to realize that anything our members might be able to send them will not be of "Chihuahua dimensions." They will be, at maturity, comparable either with small fox terriers, or with, let us say, outsize Irish terriers. Like all their brothers and sisters, they will have a set of teeth which, judged by ordinary canine standards, can be termed "deficient" and, as a result, they will demand less bones to chew. But they will make delightful pets and possibly arouse a new interest amongst dog breeders, as they are beginning to do here.

One final point: local public interest in this matter has risen to such an extent that a special trophy has been offered for the best *xoloizcuintle* (this is the animal's Nahuatl name) in our next circuit of all-breed shows in October.

NORMAN P. WRIGHT

Mexico, D.F.



PAT ON THE BACK



MYRTLE POWER

Mrs. Myrtle Power, a 71-year-old Dodge fan from Buford, Ga., now working as a housekeeper in Roslyn Heights, N.Y., reached the \$32,000 plateau on TV's *\$64,000 Question* by identifying Anson, Waner, Lajoie, Collins, Wagner and Speaker as the players besides Ty Cobb who have made 3,000 major league hits. Should Myrt go all the way and win the \$64,000, she would rank right behind Williams and Musial in earnings for this year.

FATHER MELTON

Father Edward Melton, 43, assistant pastor of St. Catherine of Siena Roman Catholic Church in Franklin Square, N.Y., is the only U.S. clergyman recognized as a horse show judge. He is shown below judging a jumping class in the Blowing Rock, N.C. show. Father Melton, a fine horseman in his own right, became a judge two years ago when he found church tasks did not allow him time to keep fit for competitive riding on hunters and jumpers.





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